No. 1479—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

October 5, 1889

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.



THE RIGHT HON. THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, LEADER OF THE LIBERAL-UNIONIST PARTY.

From the Photograph by Mr. Barraud, 263, Oxford-street.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza, Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh, Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS, And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

NOTICE.

See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are in the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, difficulty of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers every where.

WILKIE COLLINS'S "BLIND LOVE."

THE engrossing romance of "BLIND LOVE" was the last work of Wilkie Collins, the great English novelist whose loss is universally mourned. By arrangement with the Proprietors of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," the new Serial Story of "BLIND LOVE," abounding in vivid incidents delineated by M. Forestier with rare force, will be commenced in "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" on the 12th of October. To secure the constant delivery of this Journal, it is advisable to order the weekly copy in advance of any Newsagent in the Kingdom.

PERSONAL POLITICS

A Bombshell from the G.O.M.

MR. GLADSTONE'S article in the *Contemporary Review* on the Triple Alliance has fallen like a bombshell in the midst of the diplomatists. I can't help wondering whether the G.O.M. meant it to appear that he and "Outidanos" are one and the same person. Was it designed as an open secret, or did it leak out through the friend of the editor of the *Contemporary* who acts as literary editor to the *Daily News*? As Mr. Tree says in one of his best parts, "I wonder." I fancy the disclosure must have been unintentional. Mr. Gladstone could hardly have intended the article to go forth to the world as a kind of advance declaration of Liberal foreign policy. And for one good reason. Lord Rosebery, who is a friend of the Bismarcks, and a keen supporter of the Triple Alliance, must have opened his eyes when he read the article, and I cannot imagine for a moment that if the ex-Premier had intended his authorship to be known he would have failed to consult his ex-Foreign Secretary in advance. Lord Rosebery will certainly be furious. His whole reputation as a Foreign Minister depends on his relations with the Bismarcks; and now it is quite clear that if Mr. Gladstone is Prime Minister he will have nothing to do with any engagements to Germany, and will favour—as he is known to favour—the French alliance.



Mr. Gladstone as Foreign Minister.

Of course, it is pretty well known that Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister never devotes very much attention to foreign affairs, and that there is not one of his colleagues—Sir Charles Dilke, for instance—who make it their business to interest themselves in foreign policy that has not been hampered by a state of things in which the Premier has gone on thinking of everything under the sun *but* foreign policy, and then has suddenly discovered that the subject possesses an immense attraction for him. That was really the case with regard to Egypt. Mr. Gladstone, absorbed in other matters, paid very little attention to the progress of events in Egypt. Sir Charles Dilke, a close friend of Count Herbert Bismarck's, had the matter mainly in hand. Suddenly, however, the Premier woke up, and began to get concerned in the matter. When he did, he developed a strong anxiety to keep out of the whole business. He sided with Mr. Bright on the Alexandrian bombardment, and at all subsequent periods he did his best to secure our withdrawal from Egyptian soil. But he was in the minority of the Government—Mr. Chamberlain being one of his strongest opponents—and the unlucky Egyptian adventure went on in a half-hearted kind of fashion, neither the forward nor the backward section in the Government quite having their way, but both succeeding in neutralising each to some extent. Of course, it is a very common thing to hear that Mr. Gladstone knows nothing of foreign affairs, and never ought to interfere in them. That is not quite true, though. On the other hand, it is correct to say that the G.O.M. has never made a special study of the affairs of other nations than his own.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

I suppose everybody is reading the picturesque accounts of Sir Edwin Arnold's tour round the world which are appearing in the *Daily Telegraph*. The editor of the great middle-class journal is in quest of health, which for some years has not been a very frequent guest. Everyone knows the shortish, stoutish, genial gentleman, with the skull-cap and plain but not uninteresting face, who for the last twenty years has rarely missed a "private view" at the Academy or any of the chief social functions. Sir Edwin Arnold has not been, perhaps, one of the great editors of the day. His main interest is in Sanscrit and Eastern literature, and I never thought the prose of his best political leaders half as good as the glowing poetry of his best Oriental tales and allegories. The former was too turgid, too perfunctory altogether. And then, too, the *Telegraph* is not so much a great literary as a great business achievement, and the characteristic figures in it have been the Lawsons and the Le Sages, not the Arnolds. Sir Edwin has a charming country place (almost a palace) not far from town. The skull-cap he constantly wore until very recently was used to conceal a large tumour in the head, which has recently been successfully removed.

Sir George Trevelyan.

I see Sir George Trevelyan has been speaking, and expounding a rather smart plan by which the Liberals hope to dish the Tories by passing a Registration Bill within the first three months of the sitting of a new Liberal Government. It is beside my purpose to inquire whether this neat little stratagem is likely to succeed, but one can't help smiling when one sees a man like Sir George Trevelyan proposing it. Sir George is, no doubt, one of the most single-minded of politicians. He also is what you would call a thoroughly "nice" man. A charming talker, absolutely without temper, sweetly reasonable in all things, and a literary man before a politician—his love of literature colouring, and perhaps spoiling, his style as a speaker. Sir George made one unfortunate choice—he became Irish Secretary. He was utterly unsuited for the position—was too good for it, in fact, and he failed. It was sad to watch the kindly, upright gentleman getting old, querulous, white-haired—all in a few weeks. Somehow the sorrow and disappointment of those days never quite wörked themselves out. When Sir George joined the Unionists no one thought that he would be a Unionist long, and he is not a very out-and-out Gladstonian. A slightly mincing habit of speech spoils the excellent matter of all his discourses, and their carefully balanced and pure literary style. He is a rich man; has a charming house and a great library; has written admirable biographies of Fox and Macaulay; is a Whig with intense democratic and humanitarian sympathies; is beloved by everybody who knows him, and yet is not quite a success.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Jests.

By-the-way, I see that Sir Wilfrid Lawson's friends have at last given to the world a collection of his sayings and stories. They are well worth having: not that they are all good, but that they show the kind of humour—and very admirable humour it is—which tells in the House of Commons or on the platform. Sir Wilfrid has not exactly an impromptu wit, though he has made excellent jests on the spur of the moment, as, for instance, when he addressed a well-known brewer, now dead, who took up the cause of the trade in the house with more zeal than discretion, in—"The hon. member who has just addressed the House on the drink question is evidently *full of his subject*." But, as a rule, Sir Wilfrid was in the habit—like Disraeli or Bernal Osborne—of preparing his funniest things. However, they rarely failed to tell. The dry, rather cracked voice, the hermit-like appearance and long beard, the cadaverous, perfectly serious face, relieved only by the faintest of twinkles in the grey eyes, made up a "character," and the House loves characters. Then Sir Wilfrid was in private a very popular man—genial, unaffected, a good sportsman (quite devoted to hunting), and a kindly gentleman all round. Of late he has rather dropped out of the running as the wit of the House, ill-health and the failure of his voice preventing frequent speech-making. But he is still listened to with respect, and his impromptu verses scribbled on odds and ends of papers, and passed from hand to hand, are as popular as Mr. Frank Lockwood's lightning sketches of the Parnell Commission and House of Commons figures. Sir Wilfrid is a rich man, is a Radical of the old school, with a leaning to Republicanism; and no man ever ventured to say or think of him that he was not perfectly sincere.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

We are pleased to state that Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, the eminent Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers of Bristol and London, have b en awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for the superiority and excellence of their productions. This makes the forty-first prize medal awarded to the firm, including those secured at the principal international exhibitions.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

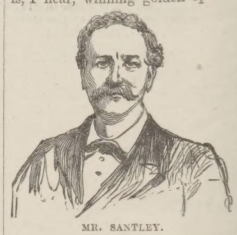
FACTS AND FACES.

The Marquis of Hartington

has indisputable claims to the Leadership of the new National Party, which has been mooted for some time past in Liberal Unionist circles, and which on Tuesday received the support of the *Standard* newspaper. The noble Marquis comes forward opportunely in Scotland this week to contribute his views on the political situation, which it would be out of place to comment on in an impartial journal. One thing will be admitted by fair-minded men of all Parties. That is, the steadfast honesty and manly uprightness which are the strong characteristics of Lord Hartington, as John Bright always gladly bore witness to. Probably no British Statesman ever had a more painful trial than that which Lord Hartington experienced when his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, was savagely assassinated in Phœnix Park by the Dublin "Invincibles." How nobly Lord Hartington bore up at that terrible juncture is vividly remembered by all who had the opportunity of watching him on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons. How unanimous was his attitude towards Ireland will not be forgotten. His fair hair is flecked with silver now. But he is in the prime of life. He remains true to the Liberal creed; he devotes himself to the interests of the country in the widest sense of the term: and he is so consistently National in his aims that he is the fittest man to champion, with Mr. Chamberlain, the formation of the new National Party. The many admirers throughout the country of Lord Hartington's political integrity will value the vivid portrait of his Lordship engraved on our front page from the photograph by Mr. Barraud, the eminent photographer, of Oxford-street.

Mr. Santley

is, I hear, winning golden opinions, and something more substantial, during his Australian tour, which in consequence of his great success will be extended in every town where Mr. Santley sings. He received with rapture. A few biographical details respecting the popular baritone may be acceptable; but I will not go so far as a writer did two or three years ago, who, professing to give particulars of Mr. Santley's artistic career, went into such minute details as to Mr. Santley's personal habits, dress, recreations, &c., that he was disgusted, and later on, when a volume was being got up on an elaborate scale containing biographies of the most celebrated musicians and vocalists, Mr. Santley positively refused to contribute a line, and asked as a particular favour that no account of himself might be given.



MR. SANTLEY.

Our Most Famous Baritone

was born in Liverpool, Feb. 28, 1834, and at a very early age showed musical abilities which led to his going to Milan, to study under the celebrated Signor Nava, a splendid teacher as well as a fine theoretical writer on music. Mr. Santley also studied under Signor Manuel Garcia. I was present on the night of his first appearance in London, in 1857, at St. Martin's Hall, then devoted to oratorio performances. The work was Haydn's "Creation." I well remember the delight the audience with the singing of the baritone, then only twenty years of age. Two years afterwards he appeared in opera, as Hoel in Meyerbeer's "Dinorah"; and in 1860 he appeared with great success in Wallace's "Lurline"; and at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace his success was remarkable. From that date to the present Mr. Santley has enjoyed ever-increasing popularity, and any account of him is a record of continued artistic successes in all kinds of work. Rarely has anything finer been seen on the operatic stage than his Flying Dutchman in Wagner's opera. His Valentine in "Faust" is also a beautiful performance. In many other operatic characters his singing and acting could hardly be surpassed. As a ballad singer he stands alone. No other baritone has ever been such a favourite. After all the years of hard work he has undergone, Mr. Santley keeps his voice surprisingly, thanks to his excellent and musicianly style. In private life he has the affection and regard of an immense circle, and I could give instances of his generosity that would astonish the public. I have known him give very large sums towards charities and religious objects, of which he is an earnest but unostentatious supporter. As artist and man, Mr. Charles Santley deserves all that can be said in his praise.

Wilkie Collins

was interred in Kensal-green Cemetery, on Sept. 27, in the presence of an exceptionally large number of spectators and a small gathering of friends, prominent among whom were the stalwart figures of Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Bancroft, with Mr. Watt, and Mr. Chatto, the publisher of the great novelist's powerful stories. Very fond of flowers was Wilkie Collins, and his coffin was appropriately covered with choice specimens. Wilkie Collins rests in a grave behind the Chapel. Not far off is the last resting-place of Captain Mayne Reid, whose friends, I noticed, have erected a modest monument to his memory, with a suitable inscription from his popular romance of "The Scalp Hunters."

Eliza Cook.

The death of Eliza Cook, aged seventy-one, will come as quite a surprise to many people who have known her poetry from their earliest years.

They will be almost equally surprised to find that she was only seventy-one years of age. They might reasonably have anticipated that she was a hundred and seventy-one. It would be the easiest thing in the world to crack one's joke at the expense of the excellent old lady who has so long lived at Wimbledon in obscurity. The supercilious youth will wonder that his father and mother could read such stuff and call it poetry. Not a word of it, he will say—and rightly say—will live except the lines on the "Old Arm-Chair." But first, my supercilious young friend, I want to know what books you read? Is your reading as healthy, all round, as that of your father and mother? Eliza Cook undoubtedly wrote much that our own young poets, with their facile pens, may well deem feeble: But if, as was doubtless the case in many instances, it led on to better things, I am not disposed to be very severe upon it. Eliza Cook is dead, and, although we may be thankful enough that there is no longer an *Eliza Cook's Journal*, yet we cannot quite forget that the sentiment of attachment to places and things involved in the lines—

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm-chair!

is an extremely healthy one.

Mrs. Maybrick again.

Now that the general public has almost forgotten Mrs. Maybrick, and, indeed, shows no keen interest in the fact that she is giving her lawyers some trouble by "putting on airs," I throw a side-light upon the trial. Mrs. Maybrick's statement in court, it will be remembered, did her very little good, and, indeed, it was afterwards stated by one of the jurymen that it had helped to her conviction. She made that confession against the advice of her friends and, above all, of her counsel. In vain Sir Charles Russell advised her to leave the case in his hands. She persisted in her wish to make the statement, and then Sir Charles turned round and said, "But, my good woman, if you have no regard for your own safety, do have some for my credit," but she persisted, with the results we have seen.

Truth and Fiction.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and another have written a story the "plot" of which is that a body which is supposed to have been murdered has to be disposed of. Finally, an enterprising lawyer provides a grand piano, and the corpse is deposited therein. For the further adventures of that piano you must read "In the Wrong Box"; but truth is at least as strange as fiction, and the discovery of the body of the unfortunate Mr. Gordon in a wardrobe at Bury, Lancashire, seems to show that there is nothing which the romancer can imagine which may not have its counterpart in real life.

Not Living Up to His Light.

As an example of preaching a gospel in which one does not believe, commend me to the Rev. Mr. Barfield, the Unionist Nonconformist minister who contrived to get afloat a scare as to his being made away with by Invincibles, in consequence of his known anti-Irish feeling, whereas he had really made away with himself by eloping—although a married man—with a pretty girl of his acquaintance. Now, this worthy minister addressed a long letter to the *Daily Telegraph* at the time that enterprising sheet was discussing whether marriage was a failure. His letter was full of moral unction, and shows, if one did not already know it, that it is possible to be a very fluent writer on a subject, and yet not quite live up to one's light.

Mr. Fred Leslie

is the hero of the hour, so far as the stage is concerned. He is too good-natured to have caricatured Mr. Irving maliciously. It was done in that spirit of fun which characterised him from his boyhood, when he erected a "Theatre Royal, Backyard," and, with the aid of juvenile companions, played a bloodthirsty drama written by himself, and entitled "Walker's Ruin." Greatly to his disgust, he had killed off the hero too soon, and the other performers were getting all the glory. But I believe he secured another round of applause by coming on as Walker's ghost. He had not then reached the age of ten, but by the time he was fifteen he had played all the principal heroes of Shakspere's tragedies. He applied to Miss Kate Santley for an engagement, and, rehearsing an old man's part, thumped the stage so vigorously with a thick stick he carried that the manageress thought him too energetic an actor to be lost, and he appeared as Colonel Harding in "Paul Pry." But it was his vocal talents that first brought him prominently forward in comic operas, although his practice in serious acting had served him well in parts like "Rip van Winkle." He has almost unrivalled skill of mimicry and imitation, and, combined with these talents and accomplishments, Fred Leslie is also an artist, a linguist, and a musician. This may surprise those who regard him only as a burlesque actor.

The Coming Lord Mayor

being of the Jewish race reminds me that it is the third instance of a Jewish Lord Mayor occurring in seven hundred years. What a change in favour of the Jews since 1189, when, at the Coronation of Richard I., that fearful slaughter took place through a misunderstanding of Richard's proclamation, that no Jews should be present at his Coronation! It was on that occasion that the chief citizens of London, to do honour to the King, acted as butlers at the Coronation feast. It is a pleasure to add that Sir Henry A. Isaacs's admirable speech on the day of his election amply justified what was said of this estimable citizen last week in "Facts and Figures," at the head of which a lifelike portrait of the Lord Mayor-Elect was given.

THE PROMPTER.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]



MR. IRVING and MISS ELLEN TERRY added to their laurels last Saturday night by their impressive assumptions of the fine parts of Robert Landry and Catherine Duval in Watts Phillips's powerful Adelphi drama "The Dead Heart," which has undergone a process of literary pruning at the hands of Mr. Pollock. Old playgoers who remember, and young ones who don't remember, the weirdly effective Landry of the late Benjamin Webster may be interested in the *Illustration* on another page recalling the restoration from the Bastille of the first Robert Landry, whose powerful performance must be fresh in the recollection of many, albeit this moving drama of the French Revolution was first produced at the Adelphi no less than thirty years ago. Many things have happened since then. The improvements that have been notably effected on the stage were admirably exemplified on Saturday last at the Lyceum. Mr. Irving's artistic guiding hand was visible everywhere. It was seen in the artistic beauty and perfection of the scenery, by Mr. Hawes Craven and his coadjutors; in the faithful costumes and natural groupings of the Revolutionary populace of Paris; in the excellent lighting of the stage; and in the good taste which chose M. Jacobi to furnish the overture and illustrative music. Could this exquisitely arranged music have been heard more distinctly, by-the-way, a little more revolutionary fire might have been infused into the acting, which has doubtless quickened to the requisite revolutionary pitch since the first night. I think I never saw Ellen Terry looking more charming or fascinating than this bewitching actress did as fair Catherine Duval. The young painter who shall truthfully mirror on canvas her graceful, willowy figure, and sweetly pretty face, and enchanting Marie-Antoinetteish costume, as she throws herself into the opening dance, will assuredly be in a fair way to make his fortune. What an engrossing story it is! Robert Landry, sculptor and an enthusiastic democrat, is the central figure of a romance that holds the audience spell-bound. He passionately loves Catherine, who is also admired by the Count de St. Valérie, to whom the wily Abbé Latour suggests a scheme to win her. This is to penetrate into Catherine's chamber at night, and gain her hand by compromising her character; the unscrupulous Abbé meantime undertaking to get Landry spirited away to the Bastille. The plot succeeds. Then comes the tumultuous incident of the capture of the Bastille, followed by the Carmagnole (rather too jiggish), and the release of poor Landry after many years—the wreck of a man, helpless, speechless, 'reft of memory, till the mention of his old sweetheart's name by a staunch old friend breaks the Bastille spell, and slowly brings back reason. Mr. Irving enacted this scene grandly—there's no other word for it. Indeed, from first to last he grips you—holds you in the private duel to the death with the black-hearted Abbé Latour; in his noble scene with his old love (now Comtesse de St. Valérie) by the side of the guillotine, where he conceives the noble idea of sacrificing himself on the scaffold in place of her son, thus restoring him to his mother's arms. It is with this sublime act of self-sacrifice that "The Dead Heart" is brought to a powerful close. I have indicated the chief points of Mr. Irving's fine representation, also the admiration excited by Ellen Terry, whose incomparably sweet, soft voice took everyone captive. Mr. Bancroft made a lifelike Abbé Latour, and met with a cordial welcome. Mr. Gordon Craig (who bears a pleasing resemblance to his mother, Ellen Terry) deservedly won praise for his graceful acting as the young Comte de St. Valérie. Mr. Arthur Stirling was duly forcible as the Republican friend of Landry: and the low comedy of Miss Kate Phillips and Mr. Edward Righton (a comical Toupet) relieved the sombreness of "The Dead Heart" in a measure. It was manifest from the tone of Mr. Irving's apt little speech that he was well pleased with the hearty and prolonged plaudits that rewarded his herculean labours in reproducing "The Dead Heart."

With "The Royal Oak" revised and compressed, and supplemented by a lively spectacle of the return of Charles II.; with the reappearance of Mr. Hare and pretty Kate Rorke at the Garrick in "The Profligate"; with "London a Day by Day," and "The Middleman," and "A Man's Shadow," doing each a roaring business; with the Gaiety full to overflowing, grace to the attractiveness of Miss Farren and Fred Leslie; and with the two Promenade Concert Operas-and-Houses still in full fling—there's plenty of musical and dramatic fare in London this October.



MR. WILSON BARRETT.

Bon voyage to Wilson Barrett! This extremely popular and energetic actor, who imbues every part he undertakes with warm life, has set sail for a second American tour, which should be very prosperous, inasmuch as American managers have increased the handsome terms given him last year. Mr. Barrett was in the best of health when he left London. I caught sight of him on his way to Hampstead, and thought he has never looked so well. He was in the best of spirits, and looked forward with confidence to making a big success of the new Olympic Theatre which is being built for him, and which he is to open next autumn.

THESPIS.



Last Saturday's races at the Paddington Recreation Grounds really end the cycling season. Of course, in one sense, the cycling season is never over, for there is riding, more or less good, to be had all the year round. But from the sporting standpoint Saturday's contests were the last events of importance.

The racing season could not have had a better ending. The race between the Catford and Polytechnic Clubs has been looked forward to for some months. There are good men in both clubs. The Catford alone boasts such names as Scheltema-Beduin, Bramson, Laurie, J. H. Adams, G. R. Adcock, and the riding fully came up to expectations. A large crowd gathered to see, and, as is not always the case, saw something for their pains.

There was real racing, and none of the waiting of which we have had too much of late. For all the ingenious arguments of the supporters of waiting tactics, the people who go to cycling races don't take much interest in looking at men loafing around the track. But there was nothing to complain of on Saturday.

H. E. Laurie carried off the honours for the Catford Club. In the five-miles bicycle he came in a good first, leaving Adams, Adcock, Bramson, and the other cracks behind. It was his first appearance on the path this year, and he made the most of it. He won on a Safety—Safeties were not barred—but the wind had much to do with keeping the ordinaries back.

I am glad to see that the active interest of cyclists in the condition of the roads is growing greater all the time. Probably one reason for this is the increasing number of riders who tour on the Continent, and there learn for themselves how possible it is, by a good system of repair, to keep the roads in excellent order. The actual road-beds in England are very likely as good as in France or Italy, but the work of repairing is not so well understood here. As this work will presently begin, or, perhaps, has already begun in some parts of the country, Mr. J. E. Phillips, Hon. Sec. of the Roads Improvement Association, is making his usual annual appeal to all concerned in the matter.

The principal work of the association, judging by his appeal, is the distribution of pamphlets. He urges the "impressing upon the road surveyors or way-wardens, and even the local authorities themselves, the importance of adopting a defined and well-tried system of road repair, such as that advocated by this association," and, to strengthen the arguments used, pamphlets are to be distributed among these authorities as well as among the road labourers. But what is really needed can never be accomplished by the distribution of pamphlets. Until Parliament is made to do something in the matter nothing will be done, and it takes something more than pamphlets to bring about Government interference.

A good step in the right direction would be the taxing of cyclists, which has lately been proposed in more than one quarter, and is now being advocated by the cycling press. It is rather funny, though, to have it seriously upheld, as was done lately by the Guildford Highway Board, because of the wear and tear of cycles on the road! This would be anything but a reason for a tax on cycles. But the advantage of such a measure to riders would be great. They would then have rights which they are now without, and would be listened to when they protested against the condition of the roads.

Of course, the tax would be small—so small that few would feel it. Cyclists in Boston, U.S.A., have lately been taxed, to the amount yearly, according to "C.T.C." of the *Pall Mall*, of about ninepence. When the price paid for machines is considered, this surely is not exorbitant.

In America, too, the road question is fast becoming a burning one, and steps are being taken in the right direction. The press has taken the matter up most vigorously. *Harper's Weekly*, a paper somewhat on the lines of the *Illustrated News*, has been publishing a series of papers on roads and road-building, which *Bicycling World* suggests should be reprinted by the League of American Wheelmen. In this month's *Scribner* there is an excellent article on the same subject, well worth every cyclist's attention.

Now that cycles have been brought to such a very high degree of perfection, much of the interest that was devoted to their development can be turned profitably to this road question. For, after all, little more can be done to still further improve roadsters until roads are better than, as a rule, they are at present. It is only to be hoped that when all the highways of England are equal to those of France they will not be made one great racecourse for the benefit of the road clubs.

N. C. U.

The Bury Murder.—Thousands of members of the Jewish community in Manchester attended the funeral of Mr. Gordon, who was murdered at Bury. The funeral took place on Sunday shortly after the morning service at the Great Synagogue.

Munificence of a Leeds Townsman.—A Leeds correspondent states that the late Alderman George, of Leeds, in addition to bequeathing his oil paintings to the Corporation as a contribution towards the Fine Art Gallery, leaves £20,000 to be equally divided between the General Infirmary and the Yorkshire College.

BENSON'S
"LUDGATE" WATCH
Is Better Value than any non-Keyless English Lever ever made.
SILVER CASES. £5.5 GOLD CASES. £12.12



HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885, WAS AWARDED TO
BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH
(Patent No. 4658).
THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH of BEST LONDON MAKE, with Chronometer Balance, fully Jewelled, and of special strength throughout. Made in Four Sizes:—Gentlemen and Youths (as illustrated), Working Men generally, specially large for Miners and Railway Men, and extra small for Ladies.
In Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5 5s. In 18-carat Gold Crystal Glass Cases, Gentleman's size, £12 12s. Lady's size, £10 10s.
Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S
"BANK" WATCH.
A thoroughly Good and Strong Keyless English Lever.
SILVER CASES. £5 SILVER CASES. £5



A Silver ENGLISH LEVER, KEYLESS, THREE-QUARTER PLATE Movement, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5.
Thousands of both these Watches are now being worn in all parts of the world, and Testimonials are received at the Factory daily as to their splendid performance.
On receipt of P.O.O., payable at G.P.O., we forward them free and at our risk to any part of the world.

BENSON'S
GEM JEWELLERY.
Splendid assortment of Pearl and Diamond Rings on View.
Constant production of New Designs in
Brooches, Pins, Bracelets, and Silver Art Work.
For further particulars see Benson's New ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing Illustrations of Watches from £2 10s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most Complete Catalogue published, free on application to
J. W. BENSON, MAKER TO THE QUEEN,
62 & 64, LUDGATE-HILL,
LONDON.
And at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C., & 25, Old Bond-st., W.
BENSON'S CLUBS. Application for Agencies invited.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

Author of "Monkey-Mephisto," and Joint Author of "A Dangerous Catspaw."

CHAPTER XIX.

Michael had been walking sharply, and between the exhaustion produced by exercise and the mental and bodily shock of encountering the man at that moment uppermost in his thoughts, it was some little time before he could get his breath back. He stood wheezing, with one hand clutching his shirt-collar, as if he were doubling the parts of a detected criminal and of the policeman who apprehended him.

"'Strewth!" he panted, "you 'll be the death of me afore you 've finished, guv'nor! Was you a-coming to see Stasie?" Ralph made no answer, but moved as if to continue his way. "She ain't at home," pursued Michael. "She 's gone out for the night. You can spare me a minute, can't you? I 've got something to tell you. Something 's happened."

He wheezed out these short sentences between his panting breaths. Even in his then condition, Ralph could see that he was moved by some strong emotion. It was not likely that he or any other man had anything to tell him worth his hearing; but he stood still, and Michael panted on:



His foot touched Elsie's dress as he dashed to the bed.

"Bile me if I know how to tell you, guv'nor! I was never so struck of a heap in all my blooming puff! Mind!" he continued, edging away a yard or so, "it's no fault o' mine, and that I stick to. I never see the young lady sence"—— He paused. The last and only time he had spoken of this particular young lady to the man he now addressed had been followed by physically distressing consequences. He kept a wary eye on Ralph, and edged away a little farther. "I've never so much as seen her sence—you know when, guv'nor. 'P'r'aps you 've wrote to her,' says you. How could I, when I didn't know so much as her name, not till I heard it from Stasie this blessed arfternoon? I know it now, acause she told me. Whatever 'appens—and blow me if *I* know what 'll 'appen next—you can't blame me."

"You have seen Miss Arkinstall here?" said Ralph. "She has met Stasie?"

Michael gazed at him with a drooping jaw, and nodded. Ralph's haggard eyes stared at the darkness for a moment, and again he made a motion as if to go.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Michael, plucking up a little courage at finding himself unaccused of any machination against his principal. "You chuck it up, guv'nor?" Ralph was silent, though Michael's tone of surprise drew his eyes to the latter's face for a moment. "Why? What for? The gaff ain't blown yet. Stasie don't know, nor yet the young lady neither. How should they? They might go on meeting for ever, and nothing come of it. All the same, you 'd better stop Miss Arkinstall a-coming here. I was just a-going to post this here letter." He produced it. "She 's coming here again to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, fur to practise a song as she is to sing at a cherity concert alonger Stasie a-playin' on the fiddle."

For just one second his last words meant as little to Ralph as any which had preceded them. But Michael's shifty eyes, that for once had found a steady object in his companion's face, which they watched with an intense anxiety, saw Ralph start as if with the pain of a sudden stab.

"To-morrow, at eleven?" he repeated.

"To-morrow, at eleven," replied Michael, like a wheezy echo.

Ralph's hand went to his forehead for a moment, and then fell heavily on Michael's shoulder.

"Take me somewhere where I can be quiet for half an hour—where I can think. I must write a line or two."

"You might as well come to my crib," said Michael. "Stasie's out of the way till closing time. It 's on'y just round the corner."

Ralph walked feverishly beside him to the house, and followed him up the crazy, unlighted stair.

"Tread quiet," said Michael, turning with his hand on the latch of Stasie's door. "The kid 's asleep."

They entered softly, and Michael found matches and lit a candle. Ralph sat down, with his elbows on the table and his face in his hands, and his tool and tempter stood silently regarding him. The child's equable breath was clearly audible from behind the curtain of the bed, but Ralph, had no ears for it, no memory of his existence. Michael went creaking on tiptoe with exaggerated caution to his own room, and came creaking back, with a bottle in his hand. He produced a couple of glasses, and poured into each a liberal dose of spirit. His own he filled up with water, and was about to do the same with Ralph's, when the latter took it with a sudden movement and drank it off. It ran like fire through his veins, and confirmed a purpose till then wavering and infirm. He would see Elsie to-morrow, and try his power over her in one final appeal. That poor simulacrum of repentance of scarce an hour ago was gone. The touchstone opportunity had been applied again by circumstance, and had found him untransmuted, the old base metal still. Tom would not speak to-night, Elsie would know nothing of his shame. That gulp of fiery spirit so flushed his fevered mind that he was in no condition to judge of what a slender hope he held to. He felt his passion unconquerabie, irresistible. If he could but persuade the girl to meet him, the thing was done. They would fly together, and put the width of the sea between themselves and shame and duty, and the ties of home.

The pen and ink with which Michael had indited his letter of warning were still upon the table, and beside them a battered, shabby writing-case, in a mother-o'-pearl cover with a mosaic of flowers, whereof half the leaves had fallen away, leaving the leather upon which they had been mounted exposed. Ralph did not recognise the old case as he drew a sheet of paper from it. It was one of the few relics of her brief period of happiness from which Stasie had never parted. There had once been a gilt inscription under the mother-o'-pearl bouquet, a jingling rhyme that had taken the ignorant girl's fancy, scarcely readable now, though it had been bright and clear so short a time ago—"When these flowers die my love will fly." The flowers were ragged and wilted, and the too true prophecy, after making its melancholy meaning sadly plain to Stasie's heart, had almost vanished, and Ralph, with no memory of the outworn love they typified, was writing to another woman, and blistering the paper with silent passionate tears.

He enveloped and addressed the letter, and gave it into Michael's hands with urgent instructions. He was to hand it to Miss Arkinstall before her visit to Stasie, and he was not to give the young lady any chance of questioning him as to how he became Ralph's messenger, but, the letter delivered, to leave her at once. Michael listened with a doubtful visage, but promised to obey. Ralph took out his pocket-book, and paid him his next week's pension in advance.

"Don't bungle," he said, as he handed him the banknote, "and you shall have another."

Michael's visage brightened as he pocketed the note. He lit his visitor to the street, and gave him ample directions for finding the nearest reputable hostelry, and, having watched him out of sight round the corner, drew the letter from his pocket and stood looking at it with a thoughtful face. After his interview of that afternoon with Miss Arkinstall—of which he had been careful to say nothing to his principal—he did not much care to face that young lady again, and determined to deliver the note by deputy. Accordingly he betook himself to a public-house which he frequented of evenings, and there finding an acquaintance, demanded of him if he would like the chance of earning an easy half-crown.

"Should I?" said the acquaintance. "What do *you* think?"

"Look here, then," said Michael, "you be round our street at eleven o'clock to-morrer morning. You'll see a young lady, dressed quiet, but slap-up—a *real* lady, and no error. You arsks her—wait a minute. Yes; that 'll do. You arsks her, ''Scuse the liberty, Miss, but are you a-going to number forty-two?' you says. If she says 'Yes,' you gives her this letter and hooks it, not awaitin' for any questions."

"And s'pose she says 'No'?"

"That ain't very likely," said Michael. "The gal I mean is a *lady*, a toff. There ain't so many of 'em about here as you're likely to make a mistake. But if she says she ain't going to number forty-two, why then you says, 'I beg your pardon. No offence,' and you slopes, and waits for the real one. It 's as easy as kissin' your 'and. Any mug might do it."

"Right you are!" said the acquaintance. "Where 's the 'arf a bull?"

"I shall be here to-morrer," said Michael. "You'll get it when the job 's done."

This arrangement, however, did not meet the views of Michael's acquaintance, who had no high idea of the latter's commercial probity. Ultimately, he received one-and-sixpence in advance, the other shilling to be paid him on completion of the commission he had undertaken. He remarked, with a nod of baleful forecast, that he hoped he might get it. Michael reproved this spirit of doubt, and, as an additional earnest of honourable intentions, offered him a drink, cashing the five-pound note he had received from Ralph to pay for it, and to impress his infidel acquaintance with a belief in his ability to redeem his pledge. At this his companion's doubts vanished, and he became affectionate, and, other acquaintances dropping in, Michael became the centre of an admiring crowd, and enjoyed the sweets of popularity after his own fashion. He had but indifferent brains for drinking, and by the time he was turned out at closing time was in as lively a condition as he had reached in the afternoon. Stasie heard him staggering about his room when she returned from her nightly round, and when he had fallen asleep went in to look at him, and to see that all was right. He was lying on the flat of his back with his mouth open, snoring loudly. A paraffin lamp stood on a chair beside the bed, flaring in dangerous proximity to a corner of the coverlet. She blew it out and left him to his slumbers, recognising his condition, and bottling up her wrath at his carelessness until he should be in a fitter condition to be lectured about it.

Stasie quitted her bed next morning a little before her usual hour, in order to deliver a bundle of sewing to a customer who lived at some distance, and to be back in time to receive her expected visitor. She dressed the little one, and gave him his breakfast, and while he was eating it paid a short visit to Michael. That gentleman was still in bed, and greeted his sister with a face so dismal and groans so deep that she mercifully postponed the scolding she had prepared for him.

"I *have* got a 'ed on me," moaned Michael, "and no blooming error!"

"And serve you right," said Stasie. "I'm going out. Do you want any breakfast?"

"Breakfus!" echoed Michael, flouncing under the sheets. "D 'ye want to make me wuss than I am? I say, Stasie, I 'm that bad—you 'll find a bottle—a black 'un—in that cupboard, and there ought to be a bottle of soda there as well. Give 'em here, there 's a good gal."

"I 'd like to know where you get the money from to waste on such things; that I should."

"I 've told you often enough," answered Michael, pouring out a liberal portion of spirit from the black bottle with a shaking hand. "It 's all honestly come by. I wouldn't be as mean and suspicious of my own brother as you are, not to own the blooming bank—that I wouldn't." He cautiously qualified the liquor with soda-water, and drank it off, to his great apparent refreshment. "Ah! that goes down sweet! I say, I don't know but what I could pick a bit by-and-by. If you 're a-going out you might bring a red herrin' back with you, Stasie. There's nothin' like a Billingsgate chicken when a cove's a bit coppery. Leave the bottle: I shall want another spot in a minute or two. And oh, I say, light the lamp afore you go, and put it here for me."

"What on earth does the man want with a lamp in broad daylight?" asked his sister.

"Why," returned Michael, "I want to smoke, and there 's on'y one match in the shop."

"You 'll burn the house down one of these fine days," said Stasie. "I came in last night and found it almost singein' the bedclothes, and you snoring on the flat of your back. Such goings on I will not have, Michael, and so I tell you."

"You 've told me so afore," replied Michael. "Your conversytion 's gettin' monotternus, Stasie. Don't jor at a cove as is down. Give us the lamp, there 's a good gal. There 's no danger. I ain't a-going to sleep, I 'm a-going to smoke. I 'll watch it. Don't forget the sojer, old woman: I 'll take it about twelve." He mixed himself a second drink, and lit his pipe at the chimney of the lamp, which his fatally good-natured sister had given him. "That 's all right. You can cut away now as fast as you like."

Not caring to leave the child to solitude during her short absence, Stasie carried him to the house of a decent neighbour, who had received him on such occasions aforetime, and set out upon her walk. She had a longish distance to go, and by the time she again neared her home it was close upon the hour of Miss Arkinstall's arrival. A furtive-looking young man was kicking his heels at the corner of the street, and paused in his shuffling dance to eye her with an obvious interest as she hurried past him. She neared the house, and was in the act of taking her latchkey from her pocket when she heard a step behind her, and a foggy voice calling, "Hi! Miss! Beggin' your pardon!" Turning, she beheld the young man of the street corner.

"You 'll 'scuse me, I 'm sure, lady," said the young man, knuckling his forehead, "but was you a-going to forty-two?"

"Yes," returned Stasie, rather puzzled by the question and the young man's manner of putting it.

Michael's lieutenant, with admirable obedience to the instructions received overnight, at once handed her a letter, and without a further word decamped. There were excuses for his blunder. He did not know Stasie, whose beauty has already been spoken of, and who in these prosperous days dressed in a fashion not common in Bermondsey. One better qualified than this mysterious messenger to judge of social status by outward appearance might have been betrayed into the same error.



SOUVENIR OF MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER IN "THE DEAD HEART" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Stasie looked at the letter: it was addressed simply "Miss Arkinstall." She had scarcely taken cognisance of the meaning of the superscription, when she started, and her hand closed with a sudden nervous grip upon the letter. A little mist swam before her eyes and cleared again, leaving her staring at the words. It was Ralph's hand.

She walked upstairs, and into her own room, in a curious bewilderment. Arrived there, she sat down and stared at the letter again, turning it over, and scanning every stroke of the address—her mind full of wild guesses at the secret of some strange mystery she instinctively felt was embodied in the missive. Once, as if moved by some volition of their own, apart from her normal will, her fingers took the flap of the envelope to tear it open, but she checked the action. She still sat staring at the letter, when the door opened, and Elsie entered and stood hesitating just within the threshold.

"Did you not hear me knock? I did—twice. The landlady told me you were at home. She seemed busy, so I told her you expected me, and came up to announce myself." Stasie was standing with her back to the light, so that her visitor could not see her face. She closed the door and advanced into the room. "What is the matter?"

"No." "Are you unwell?"

Miss: I said Stasie. "I—I beg your pardon, was thinking. Won't you sit down?"

She still held the letter in her hand as she set a chair. Elsie took it, looking at her wonderingly. "I have brought two songs, with the violin accompaniments," she continued. "I think you will like them." Stasie was looking at the paper in her hand with so troubled a face that Elsie rose again. "What is it, Miss Dundonald? Has anything happened? Shall I go away, and come again some other time?"

"I ask your pardon, Miss," said Stasie, more collectedly; "I've had a bit of a shock. I've just got this letter. It's for you—at least, there's your name on it."

"My name?" echoed Elsie.

"Yes." Anastasia gave it to her, with a strange look, which fluttered from it to her visitor's face. "It was given to me just now in the street."

Elsie took it, and started perceptibly at sight of the address. Her fingers trembled as she opened it. Stasie's eyes never left her face as she perused its contents. Ralph's eager, passionate appeal for a meeting shook her scarcely more than the strange circumstance that he should have known of her whereabouts, had chosen this woman for the bearer of his missive. The two women looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"I don't know yet," said Stasie steadily, "as I have any right to ask you what's in that letter, Miss. It's only a notion as I've got into my head. And if I'm wrong I ask your pardon beforehand, though there'll be little enough harm done."

"Why should you ask what is in the letter?" asked Elsie. This grave and gentle woman was not likely to be guilty of any mere impertinence, and the girl felt as much, even in her bewilderment.

"Perhaps I sha'n't need to," answered Stasie. "But I'll ask another question or two, if you'll let me." Elsie wondered and waited. "Did Mr. Bamber or Miss Bramwell ever tell you anything about me—about my history?"

"Miss Bramwell told me yesterday that you had been deserted by your husband."

"Did she say who or what he was, or anything about him?"

"She said he was a gentleman, a man of position."

"She couldn't tell you more," said Stasie, "for that was all I ever told her—or anybody. Now, Miss, I'm going to ask a question about that letter. Yesterday afternoon you heard me speak my baby's name." Elsie started, and her pale face went whiter still. "It took you by surprise, I saw that. Is that letter," she pointed to it, still with her eyes on Elsie's face, "signed with the same name—Ralph?"

"Oh! what is this?" the poor girl cried. "For pity's sake, tell me what it means?"

"My dear," said Stasie, still quietly, but with a gathering intensity in her voice, "for two years as I've been here, alone and deserted, I've never spoke his name to living soul. I've been true to him in my silence, true to him in my life and thoughts for two long weary years. I'll be true to the end, if the awful thing I'm thinking now isn't true. Give me that letter."

The girl held it out in a shaking hand, and Stasie took it and read it. She spoke the last word aloud with her eyes on Elsie's, which had not left her face: "'Ralph.' Shall I say the other name? Ralph Purden!"

"What is this?" cried Elsie again, in a sudden burst of anger which could not quell the sick fear she felt. "What has Ralph Purden to do with you?"

"I'd spare you if I could," said Stasie; "but you must know. God has brought us together, my dear, to save you from the wrong as I've suffered. Ralph Purden is my husband!" Elsie swayed, and fell forward into her arms.

Stasie bore her to the bed, and loosened the collar of her dress, and wetted her lips and temples with water. She did it all with a strange calm, finding in the ministration a relief from the jostling emotions with which her heart was full. Elsie was long in coming to herself; but at last a little blood flickered into the marble cheeks and ashen lips, and she woke to her misery with a long shivering sigh, and lay staring at the ceiling with an unwinking intentness which frightened her companion. Suddenly she began to sob with awful violence.

"Promise me," said Stasie, "as you won't stir from here till I come back. I'm going to fetch a doctor, and I sha'n't be long away."

She hurried on her hat, and left the room. Alone, Elsie gave way, and lay crying and writhing as if in actual physical pain, till suddenly a ringing shriek sounded, as it seemed, almost in her ears. It was repeated, and followed by an awful groan. She was so weak that she could scarcely raise herself, but she struggled to a half-sitting posture on the bed, and listened. The groans came from the next room, and they grew fainter, but longer and more terrible at every repetition. The air of the room she lay in seemed black. She could hardly breathe it, and the groans were drowned in a loud crackling and rending sound. She slipped somehow from the bed, choking and blinded by thick puffs of acrid vapour, and made for the door. She tore it open, and a huge volume of smoke, darkly lit by a lurid glare from behind, rolled into the room, and filled it. A bold dash through the smoke and down the stairs would have saved her, but she staggered back and rushed to the window, screaming "Fire!" with all her might. The groans in the next room had ceased, and nothing could be heard but the roaring of the flames, which, fanned by a fierce current of air, were climbing the well of the staircase above, like a twisted knot of fiery serpents. The reek grew momentarily thicker, and the heat more intolerable. Elsie had the sash of the window up, and the smoke was driving past her in great masses, lit here and there by a flying fragment of burning wood, above the street grown magically black with a sudden noisy crowd.

Stasie had found the doctor, who lived at but a little distance, and was returning with him, when she heard the muffled roar of the crowd, and saw the black banner waving overhead. "It's in my street!" she said to the doctor, and set off at a run. "It's my house!" she cried, as she turned the corner. Elsie's face, white with deathly terror, was at the window amid the volleying smoke, and her frenzied appeals for help rang above the cries and murmurs of the crowd. Stasie stood at the outskirts of the mob, a statue of horror and despair, so agonised that she could not even answer the shrieks which rang in her ears. The clouds came thicker and thicker. She could no longer see the face among them: the poor girl had sunk back suffocated into the burning house. At that, she found her voice, and ran crying through the crowd, which made way at sight of her horror-stricken face. A hand grasped her arm. She turned, and saw Ralph.

"Who was that?" he asked, pointing to the window.

"Miss Arkinstall!" she panted at him in reply. He burst through the heart of the packed mass of spectators as a strong swimmer strikes through a heavy surf, and sprang with one foot on the window-ledge of the lower storey. The position was not tenable for a second, but with another leap he caught the end of a broken rainspout four feet higher. The crowd went dumb for a second, and burst into a ringing cheer as he went up hand over hand. He caught the window-ledge with the fingers of one hand, swung clear, and with a clean effort landed himself amid the smoke and disappeared into the room. His foot touched Elsie's dress as he dashed to the bed. He tore off and knotted together the coverlet and blankets, and, tying one end of the improvised rope about her, lifted her over the window and lowered her in a dead swoon to a score of eager hands amid a yell of triumph and admiration which was heard beyond the Thames.

"Michael!" screamed Stasie. "Michael, in the room behind!"

Ralph had already tied the rope to the window-frame, and had one knee upon the sill, but at that cry he turned and looked backward for a moment. That short hesitation cost him his life. The window belched a huge cloud of smoke, hiding him from view, and when it had passed he was seen no more.

It is some years since these events—no more strange or terrible than others now being enacted about us—left their traces on the lives of the little knot of people with whom we have made acquaintance in these pages. Time, which heals all wounds and dries all tears, has dealt kindly with them, and they look back now upon the foolish life and tragic death of Ralph Purden with pity and forgiveness. Between the two women whom he wronged there is a very tender friendship, and, though they never speak of the man whose passionate folly brought them together, each knows that the other has pardoned him. And so from the evil seed he sowed good has sprung. Stasie finds in Elsie's goodness and beauty more excuse than the poor prodigal ever needed to her loving heart; and as for Elsie, did he not die in rescuing her, and was it not for love of her that he meditated his only sin? For to this day the knowledge of Ralph's guilt in the matter of the forged bill is known only to Sir Thomas Purden and the dead man's brother. The friendly falsehood which Tom would never have told had Ralph survived, he swore to for Elsie's sake and at Dick's beseeching when he learned his death. And so the only great wrong which blots Ralph's memory was his treason in love. Stasie's humility has led her long since to pardon that—even to think it natural; and for Elsie Ralph had given his life, and what can the richest in virtue among us give more?

Elsie is a happy wife and mother now. She calls her husband "Dick."

THE END.

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

Celandine is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from Chave and Jackson, Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[Advt.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY returns to Windsor about the middle of November, unless the weather should become very cold, in which case the Queen is to come south earlier.

Earl Cadogan has left, and the Lord Chancellor has arrived at, Balmoral Castle as Minister in attendance on the Queen.

A marble statue of the Princess of Wales, executed by a French sculptor, is to be erected at Copenhagen.

Her Majesty the Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen at Balmoral last Saturday night, and the Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, in attendance on her Majesty, and Lord Halsbury had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George, arrived at Copenhagen from England at a quarter past nine on Monday evening. Their Royal Highnesses proceeded to Fredensborg, where the Royal family of Denmark are now residing.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George will arrive at Athens on the 17th inst. to attend the marriage of the Duke of Sparta with Princess Sophie of Prussia.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, who is at present residing at Abergeldie Mains, while walking out on Friday sennight slipped and fell near Lochnagar Distillery. The Duchess broke one of her arms above the wrist. Her Majesty the Queen drove from Balmoral to Abergeldie Mains on Saturday night to visit her.

Sir Henry Isaacs was chosen last Saturday to fill the office of Lord Mayor during the ensuing year.

The Czar's visit to the Emperor William at Potsdam has been a little further postponed, on account, it is said, of his Majesty's desire to meet the Prince of Wales at Copenhagen before proceeding to Germany.

Eliza Cook the once-popular poetess, died at Wimbledon on the 24th ult., at the age of seventy-one. She was born in 1818. From 1849 to 1854 she edited *Eliza Cook's Journal*. The writer of "The Old Arm-Chair" was buried at Wimbledon on Monday.

Prince Albert Victor returns to England next week to prepare for his departure for India, previous to which he will go to Balmoral for a couple of days on a farewell visit to the Queen.

Lord Salisbury, it is understood, intends prolonging his holiday at the Châlet Cecil, Dieppe, for another three weeks. The Premier will then return to London to prepare for the meetings of the Cabinet in November, when the work for the ensuing Session will be considered.

Mr. Gladstone (in consequence of a bout at tree-felling) is suffering from a slight cold, and it was thought advisable that he should keep in his room on Monday.

One of the wealthiest of the Chicago young men was married last week after a courtship of just thirty hours.

The "Pekin Gazette" asserts that nineteen hundred of its editors have been beheaded. The journal in question claims to have been in existence for a thousand years.

The Forth Bridge has reached the last stage of its completion. The Island of Inch Garvie, upon which the centre of the bridge rests, has now been connected with the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, and in about a fortnight the northern section will also be finished, so as to allow communication from end to end of the great structure. The workmen on the top cranes on both sides were enabled to shake hands and congratulate each other on the success of the undertaking.

The Emperor William on Monday received the members of the Zanzibar Mission, consisting of the ex-Governor of Lamu, Seyd Ben Muhamed, and Ben Solyman, in ceremonious audience at the New Palace, Potsdam, when his Majesty was presented with a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar. Count Bismarck introduced the Envoys to his Majesty on the evening of the 27th.

Prince Bismarck's daughter, the Countess de Rantzau, visited the Paris Exhibition on Sunday, of course incognito, and would have liked to see the ceremony at the Palais de l'Industrie, but was not able to do so.

The triumph of the Paris Exhibition has unquestionably strengthened the Government. At the Palais de l'Industrie M. Carnot on Sunday distributed the prizes awarded at the Exhibition. M. Tirard announced that out of over 60,000 exhibitors 33,139 had received prizes, of which number 903 were grand prizes, 5153 gold medals, 9690 silver medals, 9323 bronze medals, and 8070 honourable mentions. M. Carnot met with an enthusiastic reception.

General Faidherbe, who greatly distinguished himself in the Franco-German war after the downfall of the Empire, died in Paris last Saturday morning.

A large party of the English engineers in Paris visited the Creuzot works last Saturday, and Sir Lowthian Bell took the opportunity of presenting the Bessemer Gold Medal to M. Henri Schneider.

A statue of M. Bastien Lepage, the great French painter, was unveiled last Sunday at his native town, Damvillers. On the same day a monument was inaugurated at Angers, in honour of the six hundred Parisian volunteers who, in 1793, preferred to die by throwing themselves from the top of the Rock of Mars into the Loire, rather than surrender to the Vendeans.

After a serious conflict with the civil and military forces at Rotterdam, last Saturday, during which several persons received bayonet and bullet wounds, the dock strikers held a meeting at which it was decided to disassociate themselves from the Socialistic element, and to enter into negotiations with the masters. Later advices report the town quiet.

Four persons were killed and twelve injured last Saturday, in consequence of the second section of the limited mail train from New York to St. Louis dashing into the first section, which had broken down.

A terrible collision took place on Sunday night between two express trains in a tunnel between Naples and Foggia. Twenty carriages are stated to have been wrecked, and a large number of passengers are reported to have been killed or injured.

At a meeting of the master tailors of the East-End, on Saturday, it was unanimously resolved to accept arbitration in the dispute with the workmen. There was a meeting of the men in Hyde Park last Sunday.

Baroness Von Roque, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, has written a long letter to a friend in Liverpool, in which she complains that she is not allowed to visit the prisoner's children, nor even to know of their whereabouts.

The Liverpool cotton "corner" terminated on Monday, and, as the chief operator and his associates were reported to be sellers, prices fell rapidly, closing at about a halfpenny per pound below the price ruling on Saturday.

General Sir Francis Grenfell will visit Swansea, his native town, on Oct. 13, when it is the intention of the Corporation to give him a public reception, and to confer upon him, at the Townhall, the freedom of the borough.

At Cardiff the meetings held on Monday night, preliminary to the formal opening of the Church Congress on Tuesday, included a Church Temperance gathering, a Church Army demonstration, and a meeting called by the Incorporated Free and Open Church Association. The Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition was also opened at the Drill Hall.

Mr. John Leng, Liberal, has been returned unopposed for Dundee, in the room of the late Mr. Firth. Mr. Chaplin, in the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, was returned by a majority of 1308 over his Liberal opponent, Mr. Otter, as against a majority of 1301 in 1885. In 1886 there was no contest.

The annual convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain was held in Manchester last Saturday. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the president, congratulated the delegates on the increased membership shown in the report, but declared that they should not be satisfied until they had a quarter of a million on the rolls. Their cause was now the cause of the greater of the two English parties—a party which, though occasionally defeated, was triumphant in the end. In the evening a banquet was held, at which the president, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Biggar, M.P., and Mr. J. O'Connor, M.P., spoke.

Mr. Monro, Chief Commissioner of Police, attended Wandsworth Police-Station on Sept. 27, and presented to Police-Constable Wise, 148 V, the Royal Humane Society's medal for a conspicuous act of gallantry. About a month ago the constable, noticing a boy struggling in the river Wandle, jumped into the water and succeeded in rescuing him. The boy had fallen in accidentally while fishing. In addition to the medal, the Commissioners have commended the constable for his behaviour, and awarded him a sum of £3.

The verger of Christ Church, Dover, a man named Redman, was found hanging in the belfry tower.

During the recent manœuvres near Villeneuve Saint-Georges, two good-looking girls fell violently in love with a couple of dashing officers whose regiment was taking part in the mimic war. When the troops left the place the young women were utterly inconsolable, and they made up their minds to run away to Paris in quest of the objects of their admiration. This romance has had a very tragic termination, for the corpses of the two girls have been found in the Seine. Whether they succeeded in discovering their gallants, and were advised to return to their relatives, or whether they wandered about in fruitless search after them, has not transpired. In any case, the young women, who had been fast friends from their childhood, determined on putting an end to their lives rather than go back to Villeneuve Saint-Georges and face the local gossips.

A shocking murder is reported from Lancashire. On the 25th ult., Mr. George Gordon, son of the head of the Gordon Furnishing Company, Manchester, visited a branch establishment at Bury. As he did not return to Manchester at night his father went at once to Bury to inquire about him. Here the shopman, William Dukes, told Mr. Gordon that his son had gone to Burnley. Mr. Gordon, however, was not satisfied, and had the premises searched, with the result that his son's body was found doubled up in a wardrobe, which Dukes declared had been sold and locked. The skull was battered in, and wounds had been inflicted on the face. Dukes was at once arrested.

A horrible murder and attempted suicide has been enacted at 165, Gairbraid-street, Maryhill, a suburb of Glasgow. John Murphy, upholsterer, while in bed, cut his wife's throat from ear to ear. He then cut his own, but his moaning attracted neighbours, who rushed in. These saw Mrs. Murphy expire. The pair were found locked in each other's arms with a closed razor between them. The bed where they were found was saturated with blood. Murphy, who is unable to speak, is now in the hospital. The couple had lived so quietly that the neighbours took very little notice of them. Both were twenty-eight years of age, and there are three children, one of whom was at the breast. Murphy worked at Bearsden, and had come home complaining of pains in his stomach.

Henry Parsons, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at the last Warwick assizes for manslaughter, committed suicide in Warwick Jail.

A house in course of construction at Milan collapsed the other day. The men at work had not a moment of warning, and fell with the wreck. Five dead bodies and twenty persons more or less injured had been extricated from the ruins.

A certificate has been received from the Physiological Laboratory, Charing-cross Hospital, where portions of the kidney of the late Mr. Ernest Weldon, of Kensington, have been analysed, to the effect that there was distinct evidence of chronic Bright's disease.

The authorities at Scotland-yard have satisfied themselves, after careful inquiry, that the body recently found in Pinchin-street, Whitechapel, could not possibly be that of the girl Emily Barker, late of Northampton.

A shocking tragedy is reported from Odessa. A teacher at the Richelieu Lycée, Robert Sause by name, committed suicide by hanging himself. His wife, on learning the dreadful news, lost her reason, and, in a fit of homicidal mania, killed her five children, cutting their bodies in pieces with a large carving-knife. She afterwards sprang from a window in the third storey of her residence, and was found in a dying condition.

Mr. T. C. Easton, hon. sec. of the Professional Swimming Association, is desirous of emulating the late Captain Webb's famous Channel swim. Mr. Easton indulged in a three hours and a half swim in the Seine the other day, covering about eight miles, and swimming from the Pont National to beyond the Eiffel Tower.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The New Wimbledon

has, in the last few days, ceased to be the busy place it was during August and September, for the regular infantry have all been withdrawn for the year, and the heavy work upon the butts has ceased. But the two great mounds for the 200 to 600 and 600 to 1000 yards range have been piled up, and something has been done towards those for the long range up to 1500 yards and the pool targets; and if the Royal Engineers, who are to remain upon the scene all through the winter, only get through such work as they may, and the butt-piling can be resumed in April, the New Wimbledon should be all ready by July, though some of those responsible for the work are still doubtful of the result. One thing certain is that at present the Wimbledon plant stands just as it has at this period any time these thirty years, and nothing will be moved until the Association Council can see the future more clearly than they do at present. The butts for the Volunteer classing ranges have all to be made yet; so that the chance of London regiments going for practice to Bisley next year is about as remote as it can well be. Meantime a start is to be made in the metropolis for

Underground Ranges,

a kind of makeshift which commends itself to the General of the district; and Colonel Haddan, of the 4th West Surrey, has obtained permission to construct one at his headquarters in Kennington, to be used by the 3rd West as well as by his own corps. Such a range will afford but a poor equivalent for real rifle practice in the open, exposed to all the vagaries of weather; and hybrid men trained in this manner will not compare with those who have to think of the effects of wind and light upon their fire. But if deliverance comes neither from Bisley nor Staines, what is to be done?

Colonels' Conferences.

A few years ago the present Adjutant-General—not then quite so *au fait* in Volunteering as he has become since—came to the conclusion that it was very unmilitary for the Colonels of corps to meet occasionally in conference to consider what might and might not be possible at Easter, whether any improvement in range accommodation were possible, and to talk over many other things. There was nothing like it in the Regulars, you know; and so it was ruthlessly abolished. After four or five years floundering and ludicrous failures in pipeclay methods of doing without the commanding officers meeting, the latter is to be restored under the title of a Home Counties Volunteer Forces Institute. There seems to be no more reason why there should be an "Institute" to do the business than there was to abolish the old conferences, which did well enough. But that is the British official way. First, it abolishes a thing as useless and injurious; then it restores it in a manner more permanent and positive than ever. But the useful meetings have come back, though under a new name, and that is the great point.

For a specimen of how earnest the War Office can be in organising the Volunteers, commend me to

The Transport.

Two years ago ten corps in different parts of the country were selected to make experiment in providing themselves with registered transport from the horses and vehicles of farmers and tradesmen, the Government allowing the mighty sum of £40 to each of these corps towards the expenses. The result was very good, and the War Office marked its sense of the goodness by withdrawing the paltry experimental £400, and saying, "Yes, very good; and now go on providing without transport money." And yet further Volunteer organisation is desired.

Those Dorsetshire Men

who boycotted their annual inspection because an umpire considered they had not won a particular prize, and that somebody else had, are to be let down lightly. They say they are sorry and will not do it again, and the War Office is inclined to be merciful. With all respect to the Commander-in-Chief, and the desire not to be hard on comrades, all who have the good of the Volunteer force at heart, will not be pleased with any mere course of whitewashing. The inspection is a parade which every man should attend. If the three batteries conspired to stay away they should be disbanded: if any men persuaded their less obstinate fellows to stay away, they, at least, should be dismissed. To pass over the business without making examples will only encourage insubordination elsewhere.

Complaints of the New Rifles

are being made pretty freely—not of their shooting quality, but of the manner in which the long slings interfere with the working of the lever; and the length of the latter, too, is found inconvenient when men are lying down to fire. The fear of accidents through the complication of lever and sling preventing the closing of the breech are probably imaginary, but it is evident there is difficulty. The issue of a Magazine weapon—years hence, perhaps—is the only hopeful solution of the rifle question.

The Lord Mayor's Efforts

to complete the equipment of the Metropolitan corps is to be marked in some way not yet decided upon, but the Colonels were to meet on Thursday to take the matter into consideration. They have no easy task before them; but, for all that, something ought to be done. Look at the matter as we may, Lord Mayor Whitehead is the only man of his line who has seriously attempted to do anything for the London Volunteers.

What is the Matter

in the East London Engineers, that the men have not yet got the prizes they won in 1888? They were to have been presented in March last enough; in all conscience; that appointment was upset, and at last Sept. 28 was fixed; and now the function has been again postponed, because the Commandant and Honorary Colonel are on the Continent. The Commandant (Sir Alfred Kirby) should have seen to the prizes into the men's hand before he went on the Continent. The question is, If the prizes of 1888 are not yet forthcoming, when are the men likely to get those they are to shoot for to-day?

The Metropolitan Sergeants

are starting work again; and not only have they fixed several road-reporting meets, but they are actually proposing classes for infantry sergeants to learn big gun drill. They say that on mobilisation infantry corps may find themselves in positions where there is no infantry but plenty of artillery work to do. That is very likely, and the sergeants are on the right tack; only they must not neglect their own proper training.

Some Tall Shooting

has been shown in Scotland lately. In a match between the 1st and 3rd Lanark (both Glasgow corps) Robert Kerr for the former and M'Onie for the latter made 100 each, and the average of the two twenties was 88·25 for the winners and 89·15 for the losers. In fact, the team totals were 1787 and 1783—not much of a win. This was closer work than in the wind-up match between the North London and Lincolnshire twelves, when the former made 1049 and the latter 1038. Last Saturday Brighton and Croydon tried conclusions, with twenty men a side, at Marden Park, and Croydon beat Brighton by 1588 to 1548. But matches of this kind should not be deferred till so late in the year. It was quite dark at the 600-yards range that half the men could not see the targets.

EYES FRONT.

Queen Natalie visited her son, King Alexander, at Belgrade, on Monday.

Rain fell in Paris last Sunday. Yet on that day the Exhibition had the most crowded attendance on record, 307,000 tickets being taken.

Major-General Philip Smith, C.B., last Monday resumed command of the troops in the Home District, on his return from leave of absence and visit to the French and German battle-fields about Metz.

A Sensational Duel.—Considerable sensation has been caused throughout Louisiana by a duel between well-known citizens, which resulted in the death of Sheriff McAlpin, of Louisiana, and Mr. Poole, editor of a newspaper in that State.

A Fruitful Island.—The wife of a gardener named Green, residing at St. Heliers, Jersey, gave birth to two girls and a boy on Sunday. The mother and two of the infants are doing well, but the boy is not expected to live. This is the first recorded occurrence of a triple birth in Jersey.

ATHLETES FIND INVALUABLE
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
MOTHERS FIND INVALUABLE
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ALL MEN FIND INVALUABLE
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM.
ELLIMAN'S FOR LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR CUTS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR SORE THROAT FROM COLD.
ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS FROM OVER EXERTION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

THE RACING WORLD

Ormonde the Great

is by this time a long way on the blue waters; and, if he is getting at all fine weather, I should very much like to be with that noble animal, for of late horse-racing has been rather drear work, and a good sea-voyage would just about set me up. The Sellinger was well enough in its way, and Doncaster brisk on the whole; but since we left the boisterous town the game has been very far from paying for trouble in attending meetings.

Why does not the Jockey Club look at Home?

Only fancy, one day last week they gave us ten items on the card. Ten races, most of them quite of the leading order, in one day! (I cannot help dropping into the historical magisterial exordium on the duck-stealer who had health, strength, and a good education.) Instead of which, the Jockey Club call on Doncaster to shorten their programme.

Newmarket's First October Meeting was the worst attended of any held in latter days.

We shall find a difference with a very vengeance in the style of business at next Newmarket—the Second October. The Cesarewitch always is a great draw, no matter whether the field promises or is good, bad, or indifferent. Next Tuesday Lord Marcus will be called upon to deal with one of moderate quality and average numerical strength. I have endeavoured to make a forecast of probable starters, and will, for the benefit of my readers, take a run through the list. Possibly some mentioned may not see the post. Quite likely enough, I may have omitted a stray competitor or so—I am obliged to get my work through early—but trust not to have let slip any dangerous candidate. About five-and-twenty will, I think, weigh out on Tuesday. Almost at the last moment we are told that Mr. Legh may elect to keep Veracity for the Cambridgeshire, because Danbydale is difficult to train for the later race. I believe that the Liverpool Cup winner will go for the longer event, and that

Veracity will Beat all the Heavy Weights.

He won races last year with only moderate impost, and this season, when not so well treated, has also been victorious. Both in the Liverpool Cup and at Goodwood he went like a thorough stayer and weight-carrier, and will want a lot of beating. Goldseeker I must let run loose. He may win in a canter or not start at all. Nothing that he may or may not do will surprise me. Sheen is an impostor, who is not so good as he is supposed to be, and not likely to give his true running to that. The Baron at five years of age is not a better horse than he was at three, and has no chance at all against Veracity at 10lb.

All Paris is on Vasistas,

for whom I have a great respect. Porter has been gradually building the French colt up since we saw him at Brighton, and he is bound to be dangerous. I sincerely trust that Vasistas will not win, because if he does nearly all the money landed on him

Will go across the Channel, and stop there altogether.

The French people seldom put a big stake down without getting the best of the deal, and when they win they walk off with the profit and do not give our people a chance of winning it back. Tissaphernes is said to be Mr. Noel Fenwick's best. He may be, but

If Mercy does not beat Tissaphernes I shall be Surprised.

Matthew Dawson is very fond of the light-weight's chance, and she is bound to go close. Mill Stream does not take my fancy a little bit. The mare is stale and sick of racing. She has hardly been out of hard work for two years, and wants a long rest. It is said that T. Loates will ride her. I believe that

The Great Little Tommy will be seen on Ingram,

a very much more likely animal to take the handicap than Mill Stream. The Goodwood Stakes winner rather surprised the stable when he walked off with the race. He is sure to stay all the way, and it would be worth putting up a few pounds extra to secure the services of such a powerful light-weight as T. Loates. Surbiton has recently been backed as if the West-Country stable were confident. Certainly they ought to hold such goods as Mill Stream safe enough. Rêve d'Or has, so it is said, come back to her old best form. If that be so, there is no need to trouble further about finding the winner of Tuesday's big handicap—at least I would'a't, only I strongly doubt the truth of the yarns. She is self-tempered and artful, and I cannot range myself on her side. Until the race is won we may not discover which is the best among

Sadler's three—Drizzle, Testator, and Bondager.

If Bondager be better than Drizzle he may be dangerous. Testator, despite all Osborne's gammon in the race with Gold, has not pace enough for a Cesarewitch. Of the next on the list, I can only say that

Whatever beats Davenport will win.

If he had won in private such trials as we were given in public at Doncaster, the punters would take 2 to 1 about Lord Bradford's colt. He is not a flyer, you know, but a good honest performer fairly weighted.

Backing Davenport for the Cambridgeshire is a good Investment.

If he happens to win the Cesarewitch he would not be quite out of the other handicap with 8st. 4lb. Supposing that he only went close next week, he would see a very short price for the second handicap. Lark Boy will, I am told, like a shorter course.

Two Stories are Afloat concerning Fallow Chat.

According to some who ought to know, Mr. Vyner's filly cannot get the course with the weight. I am assured that this idea is fallacious, and begged to be backed by people who seldom make mistakes. Despite all warnings to the contrary,

I must make Fallow Chat one of mine.

She has been quietly got forward for this race through months of steady work, is much improved, and is going to be handy on the day. At one time last week I inclined to find Duncraggan a warm favourite. What has gone wrong I cannot tell, but there is no doubt that a commission was put in the market during the first October meeting, and as suddenly stopped. Just as it was being worked the colt was confined to his stable. I hardly think that he will run. Jedfoot, I fear, is not fast enough. Perhaps a move on behalf of Crimea may be made at the eleventh hour. He has been well backed once or twice by his cute proprietor, who does not often throw away good money on horses that cannot win races. That the three-year-old can stay is a certainty, but the question is whether Mr. Hammond will not prefer a less important stake.

Mercy's Form at Doncaster made a good impression on good Judges.

The filly is not easy to handle, but in S. Welch has a light-weight pilot who ought to manage her all right. She could not have had less, if she had no form at all to recommend her, yet if you look at the book you will see that she has several times performed quite respectably. If a light-weight is to win, Mercy will be the one, though no doubt Savant must have a chance on her Goodwood and Lewes form.

Dover is a Mysterious Animal.

I should be inclined to fancy him a little were it not for a most damaging circumstance. Although Dover gallops well and looks well in himself, all the Newmarket touts dislike him. When these gentry are unanimous in condemning an animal, their friends believe that

Is the Time to Declare on that Animal.

In my experience of the craft their solid vote of approval is absolutely fatal to the horse of their choice. For that reason I must let Dover pass. To sum up: Veracity is the best high weight, and then Vasistas; Davenport, Ingram, and Fallow Chat the pick of the middle weights; and Bondager and Mercy of the light brigade. Let me see. Veracity, Vasistas, Davenport, Ingram, Fallow Chat, Bondager, and Mercy—I may not take so big a bunch against the field. We will, therefore, discard Bondager, Vasistas, and Ingram, and rely on

Veracity, Davenport, and Mercy

to find the winner of the Cesarewitch. Should Veracity not go, then I shall be quite content to substitute Vasistas. He ought not to beat Mr. Legh's top weight, but holds a good chance with that celebrity out of the way.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The London Athletic Club,

at its meeting of Saturday last at Stamford-bridge, fully maintained its high reputation for providing the best of athletic fare, and it says much for the estimation in which athletics are still held that the possibility of seeing E. H. Pelling make yet another record was sufficient attraction for a grand stand full of ladies to brave a decidedly "nipping and eager air," that was blowing at no gentle pace straight into the stands. As everybody who could find room in those conveniences was packed in them, the ground did not look so full as usual, besides which the Mound was quite untenanted, whereas, at the previous meeting, it was doing duty as a reserved enclosure of the Thames Hare and Hounds, the parent paper-chasing club of the kingdom.



Pelling has accomplished many fine long sprint performances, but he has never done anything more wonderful than twice running two hundred yards inside the record, as he did on Saturday. The record was 20 sec., and in his trial heat Pelling won easily from scratch in 19 4-5 sec. The final he won by the merest shade, actually on the post, in the extraordinary time of

Nineteen and Three-Fifths of a Second.

What this really means will appear if we analyse a little. Pelling has again and again shown that 10 2-5 sec. is his form for one hundred yards. As he made this time on grass a week previously at Kennington Oval, and was running so well at Stamford-bridge, it is quite justifiable to assume that, for the first time in history, he was doing as good as 10 1-5 sec., especially when we consider how perfect is the L.A.C. track. Say, for argument's sake, that he was taking 10 1-5 sec. over the first hundred yards, it follows that the second hundred must have been run in

Nine and Two-Fifths of a Second,

which is about the nearest approach to flying yet attained by a human being. And flying is precisely the expression which is most fitting to describe the terrific pace at which the runner covered his last sixty or seventy yards. We know that he must touch the ground; but, for all one could detect of any contact with the path, he might have been treading the air. When half the distance was covered, the race seemed a farce, so far was Pelling still in the rear; but then the flying process commenced, and a

Triumphant Finish

for the handicapper, Mr. L. W. Webster, resulted in Pelling just catching his man in his last stride of all, and getting his chest in front at the worsted. The verdict was six inches, but they were very short inches.





The better time of the two is sure to be made the subject of warm discussion when the matter comes before the records committee of the Amateur Athletic Association. By a very curious coincidence, the wind dropped during the progress of Pelling's first heat, but there was a strong breeze at the runners' backs while the final heat was being run. I see that many reporters have called it a gale. I can only say that I regret that these gentlemen should not have modified their transports somewhat, and employed a more appropriate expression. There was no gale whatever—not even an approach to one.

A Strong Wind

there was, but no more, and it is very unfair to Pelling to prejudice his claim in so very marked a manner. If the first heat is so unimpeachable, surely the second should be, when we examine the two. In his trial heat Pelling led fifteen yards from home, and won at his leisure; in the final he was spun out to the very last inch. The case reminds me of that of Montague Shearman, an Oxford University flyer of some eight or nine years ago. In an open 120-yards handicap, in almost a hurricane of wind, Shearman ran the distance first in 11 4-5 sec., and afterwards in 11 3-5 sec. As in Pelling's case, there is no doubt whatever that Shearman was running at his very best, for, like Pelling, he won his heat in each case, and those who know anything of

University Handicapping

will appreciate the ability of a runner who can win two heats in a sprint handicap from scratch. Shearman readily admitted the hurricane behind him, and he never got the credit of the record, which, of course, means that "the authorities" in those ante-record committee days thought that the wind blew him along. They did not stop to consider what the winning of the heats meant. I have always considered, and always shall consider, that

Great Injustice

was done Mr. Shearman in that instance, and it is very satisfactory to know that the fate of amateur records is no longer at the mercy of people who for so many years foisted upon the public the fable that one Seward once ran a hundred yards in 9¾ sec., from a start!

The programme of the meeting was varied by a hurdle-race and a steeplechase, the capacious and deep water jump of the latter causing the invariable amusement. The

Water Jump

of the London Athletic Club is the most genuine of the kind I have seen, always excepting that terrible



one we used to have to negotiate in the old days at Croydon, on the racecourse. The Stamford-bridge ditch being a permanent one, the bushes have taken root, and there is no mistake about the water. Quite a novelty, too, to the majority, was the

Lacrosse Race

for the medal presented by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava so long ago as 1880, when he was Governor-General of Canada. This race is not always to the fleetest, for the compulsory operation of picking up the ball upon the crosse en route often brings competitors to grief. In this case, H. A. Gardom would scarcely have won the medal for good and all by virtue of a third consecutive victory had D. Basan not bungled the ball in the final heat. There is, I hear, to be quite an influx of London Athletic Club men into the ranks of lacrosse players.

One of the features of a London Athletic Club meeting is the assemblage of ex-champions and other

Athletic Notabilities

present. The moors and stubble, yacht-cruising, stag and cub hunting, and holiday-making generally kept away very many on the present occasion; but some well-known faces were there, besides that of one of our pleasantest descriptive journalists, the very

Genial Giant

of Peterborough-court, who had come to see the flying sprinter.

I have above referred to the Thames Hare and Hounds, which was the first club started, and that twenty-one years ago, for the purpose of fostering paper-chasing. What a splendid tree—or, perhaps I should say, plantation of trees—that seed has



developed into I need not say. Thousands of young fellows every Saturday brush away the cobwebs gathered during their week's work by chevying one another across the fields and along country lanes—a not very dignified means, some think, but tending towards a

Very Beneficial End

nevertheless. Knowing what the alternative would probably be, I look with a friendly eye upon the weekly pedestrian excursions of the numerous paper-chasing clubs, with their subsequent teas and musical evenings. The original club, I hear, having done its work, seems likely to die out, in this way affording a simile to the moth, which lays its numerous eggs and then expires. If all its members were like its founder,

Mr. Walter Rye,

and had begotten sons of equal athletic ability, there would be no lack of new blood; but it is not everyone who can be father to a boy of eighteen who wins a Balliol scholarship and goes up to Oxford favourite for the mile at the Freshmen's Sports.

For a change, Kibblewhite allowed a Saturday afternoon to pass without making a new record. He won the two miles at the Salford Harriers' meeting,



however, E. W. Parry, the crack distance runner of the club, on the same afternoon winning the three-quarter mile steeplechase challenge cup for good. This looks as though Parry had not entirely lost his form, although it is probable that he will never be at his best again.

Those very energetic athletes of the

Polytechnic

occupied the Paddington Grounds with a five-miles match between teams of the Catford and Polytechnic Cycling Clubs, as *pièce de résistance*. Some good riders were engaged in this race, notably J. H. Adams, H. E. Laurie (his first race this year), and R. Burne. Adams was not happy on a high bicycle amid dwarf machines and fifteen other competitors, and Laurie won. Catford won, scoring 34 points to 46.



That very unimportant cycling record, the

Flying Quarter,

was made mincemeat of by H. H. Sansom, who at Bristol covered the 440 yards in 34 2-5 sec., or at the rate of a mile in 2 min. 17 3-5 sec., which is moving. Fired by this success, he next lowered the

Starting Quarter

to 39 3-5 sec.

After all the wonderful records accredited to P. Cannon, the professional runner, he should have been able to do much better than 4 min. 28⅘ sec., the time in which Cummings won the mile professional championship at Govan on Saturday. If he could do no better than this, it is surprising that he should have challenged Cummings at all, seeing that the latter is quite equal to 4 min. 16 sec. But I do not profess to understand the ways of the "ped."

BANSHEE.

In the Battle of this Life practise sterling honesty of purpose: without it you will find your life is a sham. Use care in examining each bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt, or you are liable to have foisted on you a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.—[Advt.]

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove all Liver and Stomach Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

The Sinews of Wealth are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[Advt.]



OFF BRITAIN'S STORMY COASTS: CUTTING AWAY THE MASTS.

THE AUTUMNAL GALES,

which break with grand fury on our coasts, have begun in earnest, as many a brave, skilful sailor knows to his cost. They are among the most daring and expert of mariners who are engaged in the coasting trade. To them comes home most frequently the dangers of the storms which so quickly spring up, rendering navigation such hard and perilous work. At the height of the hurricane it sometimes becomes necessary to sacrifice the masts to lighten the ship, as is vividly illustrated by Mr. Overend in the above engraving. Whatever the emergency be, gallant Jack is ready for it. And this was notably manifested in one of the earliest storm stories of the present season.

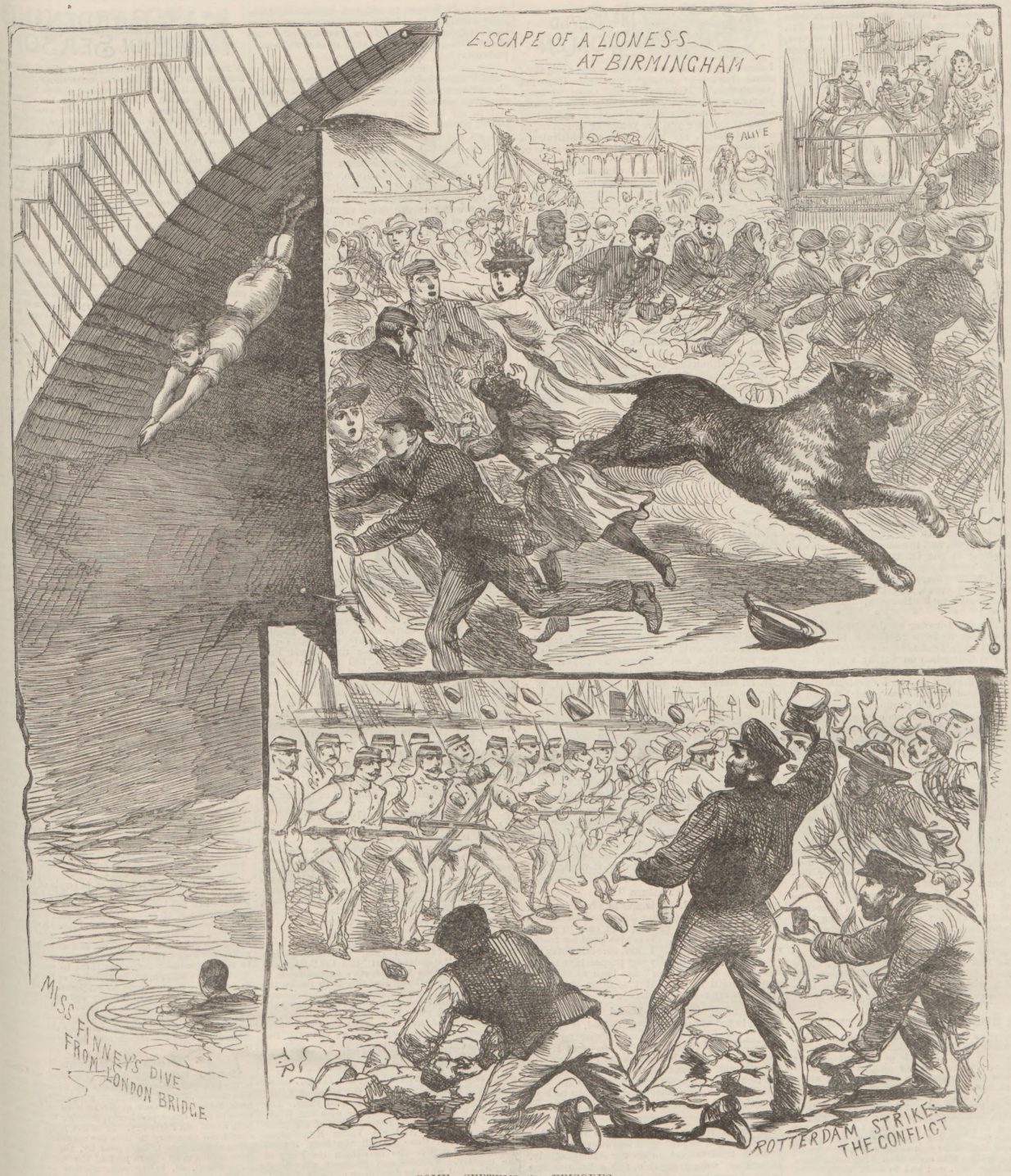
Foundered off Ilfracombe.

The favourite North Devon watering-place of Ilfracombe has been deeply interested in a stirring tale of the sea. It appears that the steamer Zephyr, owned by Messrs. Duncan and Co., Cardiff, foundered off Ilfracombe during a heavy gale at an early hour last Sunday morning. The master (Captain Bennett), the engineer, and nine of the crew took to the life-boat, while the two mates, a sailor, and three passengers got into the dinghy. The boats eventually separated. Some time after the dinghy arrived at Watermouth. The passengers were conveyed to Watermouth Castle, the residence of Mr. Bassett, the genial and kind-hearted master of the Exmoor Foxhounds, and, after being hospitably entertained, were sent to Ilfracombe. The captain and those with him in the life-boat also safely arrived at Watermouth, where they were landed by a brig which had taken them on board.

Mr. Hamilton Edwards, one of the passengers, gives the following description of the casualty: "Messrs. John and Thomas Harding and myself left Roath Basin, Cardiff, on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, on board the Zephyr, bound for Flushing. We had very bad weather down the Channel, and towards evening the wind increased and the sea ran very high. About three o'clock on Sunday morning the mate ran into my cabin, and informed me that the vessel was foundering. I immediately jumped out of bed and roused my companions in the captain's cabin. We ran on deck without any shoes or stockings. The life-boat had already been launched, but the dinghy was under the stern. With some difficulty we jumped in, the occupants of our boat being the second mate, the second engineer, a sailor, and our three selves. The sea was tremendous. All we could do was to keep the boat's head to the wind, and clutch hold of the seats to prevent ourselves being washed out. At about seven o'clock we saw a sailing-boat coming off from Ilfracombe. We were now too exhausted and benumbed to endeavour to reach her, but she came up and threw a rope and took us in tow, landing us at Watermouth Castle, where we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Bassett, who, besides feeding us and supplying us with warm clothing, sent us to Ilfracombe in a carriage. We remained in sight of the other boat for about an hour, when we lost her. The Zephyr sank about four o'clock."

BIRMINGHAM'S TALE OF A LIONESS.

It is to be hoped, for the sake of West Kensington, that Mr. Barnum's coming great Show at Olympia will not receive an accidental advertisement of the same kind which Wombwell's Menagerie secured at Birmingham at the close of last week. Among the attractions of Birmingham Fair, held on a piece of waste land near the Aston-road, this well-known menagerie was conspicuous. On the Friday of last week there was a startling occurrence. About midday, as some of the attendants at the menagerie were transferring from one cage to another a number of Nubian lions, which had recently been acquired, a lioness managed to escape, and to find its way to the exterior of the caravans. There a large crowd of people were assembled. The loud shouts which were immediately raised scared the animal, and it rushed to a brook a short distance away, forming the menagerie boundary. It was pursued by the menagerie lion-tamer attached to the menagerie and other



SOME SEPTEMBER EPISODES.

keepers. The former followed the animal up the stream, which is a shallow one, for some distance, and managed to catch hold of its tail. Breaking away from the negro it made its way to a bridge, beneath which it found a culvert about three feet in diameter, forming part of the street-drainage system. The trainer tried to induce the lion to submit to capture, but the animal declined all persuasion and coaxing, and made its way up the sewer, which communicates with the larger passages under the neighbouring streets. An exciting pursuit, lasting several hours, followed. A boarhound belonging to the menagerie was lowered into the sewer, and lights were also sent down with the view of frightening the animal. The boarhound, assisted by the trainer, who also descended into the sewer and fired shots to frighten the animal, failed to secure it.

* * * * *

The Police and show managers appear to have arranged a pretended capture two hours after the escape in order to allay public anxiety. Steps were, however, secretly taken to effect an actual recapture. At midnight on Saturday a roaring was heard near the show-ground. A bull's-eye, lamps, a lasso, and an iron cage were taken to the spot, and two man-holes at either end of a culvert—from which roaring was heard—were opened. Two keepers descended one man-hole, taking with them a bull's-eye lantern, and being armed with revolvers. The light of the lantern showed the animal to be a few yards from the bottom of the hole, with his face towards the keepers. They courageously crept along the culvert towards the lioness, which looked threatening, and set up a tremendous roar. One keeper fired his revolver, and kept the light of the lantern full in the animal's face. The beast, thoroughly frightened, backed to the other end of the culvert, where it was lassoed around the body. By force it was then dragged into the open, and a heavy-planked board was placed on its neck. This the lioness shattered into splinters, but it was ultimately safely got into the cage.

* * * * *

During the gale which visited Birmingham on Saturday the menagerie was partially overthrown by a sudden gust that tore the canvas tents from their fastenings, and threw down several caravans. Those containing the lions, tigers, and bears remained standing; but those holding the reptiles, monkeys, and birds were upset, creating great excitement and confusion. With the exception of a snake, however, none of the living contents was fatally injured. Following upon the recent escape of the lioness, this event is commented on in the district as suggestive of the danger attending these itinerant exhibitions of savage beasts.

MISS FINNEY'S DIVE.

One of the most graceful of aquatic entertainments at our Variety Theatres is that which Professor Finney, one of England's fleetest swimmers, has been in the habit of giving in company with his naiad of a sister in a glass bath. This captivating young lady, as lissom as a mermaid under water, on Friday afternoon, the 27th of September, performed a very plucky feat, and rivalled the noted J. B. Johnson, who dived from London Bridge into the river Thames some years ago. Only, there was no pretence of a rescue on the part of Miss Finney, who proved herself an exceedingly courageous damsel.

We gather from a *Sporting Life* writer well up in swimming that comely and dexterous Miss Marie Finney was seventeen years of age last January, and was born at Southport. Shortly before three o'clock on the Friday afternoon this daring little Lancashire witch walked from a neighbouring hostelry on to London Bridge in an ulster, and wearing a bonnet, to all appearances out for a stroll. She was accompanied by Tim Finney. The wind was boisterous, and blowing up the river, while a strong tide was running up. At a quarter to three the redoubtable swimming champion, Finney, embarked in Dave Godwin's boat, accompanied by Mr. R. Watson. The boat was rowed into mid-stream, and awaited the advent on the bridge of Miss Finney. Presently she was seen walking leisurely up and down, with a policeman stationed a few yards away regulating the traffic, and evidently oblivions of what was about to take place.

Finney soon gave the signal from the water that all was clear below, and his sister, removing her cloak and hat, was hoisted on to the bridge, the top of which being rounded is difficult to plunge from. At the supreme moment a savage

gust of wind blew her sideways, but, with wonderful presence of mind, she, attired in blue tights, dropped on to the parapet about 3 ft. below, and, after poising gracefully for a second, shot off like an arrow. Making a magnificent descent, she cleared the water without a splash, and rose to the surface. Finney, wearing ordinary street dress, had dived just as his sister had mounted the bridge, and he greeted Marie with a welcome shout of approval. Miss Finney smiled as she swam to the boat, into which she was quickly hoisted and rowed to the Swan Pier. There a demonstration awaited her, and the little heroine returned to the house round the corner, which was soon crowded. Several steamers were detained at the pier at the time, and the passengers thereby secured a good view of the feat; while on the bridge a great crowd assembled just as Miss Finney rose to the surface. The police, as in duty bound, made inquiries, but they were most courteous and respectful. Throughout the whole business the most unconcerned of the party was Miss Finney.

THE ROTTERDAM STRIKE.

We regret to say that Holland has been the scene of a dockers' strike, which has brought about a conflict between the men and the Police and Military, and greatly interrupted the commerce of Rotterdam.

* * * * *

The movement at Rotterdam was, in a measure, a reflex of the London strike. The labourers here were impressed by the news which reached them of what had been taking place in the Thames, and left their work to demand an increase in pay. Their terms of remuneration were exactly equivalent to fourpence per hour, and their demand was for fivepence, with regularity of employment guaranteed. About three thousand of the men went out on the 20th of September. The men employed to load and unload the boats of the English Great Eastern Company remained, however, faithful to their engagements. This it was which led to the disturbance. A mob of strikers went down to the quays on Thursday morning, Sept. 26, and threatened the men who were working at the Great Eastern steamers. These men were consequently withdrawn, and the officials of the company got the vessels loaded by their English crews, and they were able to sail at the usual time for Harwich.

* * * * *

The Managing Director of the Great Eastern Company took decisive measures to prevent hindrance to the traffic of his company, and went over to Rotterdam on Friday week with a body of fifty English dock workers. He formally claimed from the civil authorities protection from intimidation under the international law, and as a result of his action the Burgomaster called out the Civic Guard. The mob of strikers who surrounded the docks threatening violence were cleared away at the point of the bayonet by the Guard, who then formed a cordon round the quays. Work then proceeded as usual. On the Friday night a large crowd of rioters marched to Poompjes, the principal quay, and there came into collision with the soldiery. A tough hand-to-hand fight lasted for some time. The mob tore up the granite blocks of which the roadway is constructed, and tried to form barricades. The guard thereupon charged, and were met by showers of stones and other missiles, by which many of them were seriously hurt. The mob were ultimately dispersed, but not without desperate resistance, and many of their number were wounded by the bayonets of the soldiery. A gang of labourers imported from another district was driven back on Monday last by the strikers, whereupon the police interfered, and eventually the new comers were allowed to work. The men in beginning the strike had no funds and no leaders. Now they have their John Burns, and they have agreed to form a trade-union. Some measures have been taken to relieve those suffering most.

A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER.

We hear from Paris that a subterranean river has just been discovered in the district of Miers, in the Department of Lot. Miers is in the heart of a wild mountainous country, in the deepest recesses of which caves and grottoes are found, some of which appear to have been the abodes of our troglodyte ancestors. The other day two explorers—M. Martel and M. Gaupillat—discovered the river at the bottom of a gouffre, or abyss, known as the Pit of Paderac. Returning thither with a folding boat, made of sail-cloth, they worked their way down stream for a couple of miles through a succession of wonderful grottoes sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on their way, and had to shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids. The two explorers intend to start on a fresh expedition to ascertain, if possible, the outlet of this unknown river. They conjecture that it joins one of the heads of the Dordogne, six miles from the abyss.

A CHARGE OF ABDUCTION.

At Ashton-under-Lyne last Saturday Sydney Wilford, music-hall singer, was charged with the abduction of Adèle Fish, a girl under sixteen, for an unlawful purpose. The girl is the daughter of Mr. Augustin Frederick Fish, stage-manager, Rectory-road, Stoke Newington, and she is a serio-comic singer. The prisoner and the girl went to fulfil an engagement at Ashton-under-Lyne, and they lived there as man and wife. The prisoner's defence was that the girl told him she was eighteen years of age. He was remanded.

Weak and Languid Feelings positively yield like magic to the invigorating properties of mild continuous Electric currents, generated by simply wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. They are guaranteed genuine; and sceptics may see them scientifically tested and personally examine thousands of testimonials and press reports at The Medical Battery Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Consultation free. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to the President of the Company, Mr. C. B. Harness.—[Advt.]



I suppose you all know what the letters Y.W.C.A. stand for? — "Young Women's Christian Association." It is not a bad thing to be a young woman (although it is better to be a young man), and it is an excellent thing to be a Christian woman, whether you are young or old; but, in all probability, my ideas of what constitutes a Christian might not "square" with the ideas of some of those who call themselves by the name; while as for "association," what can be better? Therefore, if you all agree with me, you must allow that the London

Y.W.C.A.

ought to have it in its power to make the battle of life less hard for some, at least, of the women who have to fight in it. Once upon a time the Y.W.C.A. was rather groovy and restricted in its aims; but it gradually dawned upon those who have the management of it that young women can be good Christians and yet know how to use their

Heads and Hands.

The association now holds evening classes at upwards of twenty institutes in various parts of London and the suburbs, and the subjects taught include arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, French, music, singing, dress-cutting, cooking, ambulance, nursing, &c. I should like to see the cutting-out of underclothing included in the list in addition to dress-cutting. A

Certificate

for efficiency in the cutting-out and making of all kinds of underclothing for children and adults ought to be more useful to the majority of young women who attend these classes than a certificate for dress-cutting and drapery from the Anglo-Parisian Dress-Cutting Association. The

Educational Classes

of the Y.W.C.A. are held at the following Institutes: the Central, 17, Old Cavendish-street; Belgravian, 2, St. George's-road, Pimlico; and Evening Home, 100, Camden-hill-road, Nottinghill. There is also one at 127, High-street, Putney; another at 1, Castle-terrace, Hill-street, Richmond; and a third at Gordon Lodge, Lancaster-road, Wimbledon. But, as space will not allow me to give a

Full List

of the institutes, I recommend those of my girl readers who would like to become members of the association and students at the evening classes to write for an educational prospectus to Mr. H. Kidner, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W.; or Y.W.C.A. Book-room, 316, Regent-street, W. At the Finsbury Institute

Type-Writing

is taught. I have already given my opinion upon the rapid increase in the popularity of type-writing as compared with manuscript, and it is an employment for which women are admirably suited. By-the-way, I think a woman who is a

Type-Writer should have Nice Hands.

And, apropos, I mentioned last week that glycerine does not suit all skins; indeed, in many cases it acts as a positive irritant. I have also met people who cannot use vaseline; but to me it is the most soothing and healing preparation I know. I am told that, if vaseline and glycerine do not suit the skin,

"Thilum"

may be safely used. It is said to have the power of very quickly subduing inflammation in the case of the bumps, bruises, and cuts to which children are so liable. It is also good for toothache and neuralgia. I am careful never to recommend dogmatically any preparation I have not tested; but "thilum" has been so strongly recommended to me that I mention it for the benefit of my readers. The

Chapped-Hand

period is fast approaching—if, indeed, it has not already come. It is by no means easy for those who have any rough work to do—and if the mistress of a house has not plenty of money and a large staff of servants, some rough work must fall to her lot—to avoid spoiling her hands; but, with a little care and attention, they can be kept in fairly good order. Make a point of always

Drying

your hands very well. Not at the fire; that is ruinous! You should use a soft towel, and give yourself time enough to do the thing properly. If vaseline suits your skin, rub a little on the backs of your hands while they are still wet, and then dry them thoroughly. And remember what I said about having your

Sleeves

short in winter. You will not suffer nearly so much from chapped hands or chilblains, if you keep your wrists and the backs of your arms warm. If your skin is tender, you should not wear woolly "wristlets." Silk, you say, are too expensive. Why, then, should you not knit a pair for yourself? A ball of Pearsall's knitting-silk is not very ruinous, and you would not be long making a pair ribbed like the top of a

Stocking;

but be sure you do not make them too tight. And you might also wear a pair of old gloves when you are doing house-work of any kind. I do not think any woman should neglect her hands if she can possibly help it. There is nothing uglier than coarse, red hands; and a very little care and attention will keep them tolerably nice. But perhaps some of you will say, "It is all very well for Marguerite to

Preach:

she can keep her hands nice without any trouble." Can she? That is all you know about it, my dear women. If I were to tell you how to lay and light a fire, my knowledge would come from personal experience—not from hearsay, or even observation; which latter takes rank next to experience.

Apple Circles.

Split some half-dozen or more spongecakes (according to size of dish required), and arrange the slices in a baking dish. Between each circle and in all the spare spaces put some nicely stewed apples. Pour over all some good milk, and set the dish in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes. Serve with sugar.

Stewed Plums

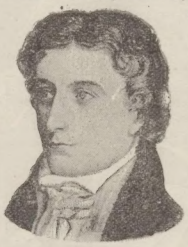
can be used instead of the apple. The following, which may be called "Apple Fool," is very good. Boil one pound of cored apples very quickly in as much water as will cover them. Stir in half an ounce of butter, and, as soon as they are quite soft, pulp them through a sieve. Sweeten the pulp while hot, and then beat it up with the well-whisked yolks of four eggs. This is an excellent sweet dish for the little folks.

MARGUERITE.



A Pocket Keats.

Shortly before his death Keats wrote to a friend: "If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory; but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered." There is a beautiful modesty in this, coming from a man of so much genius. But how untrue it is! I am very forcibly reminded of this by looking through the "Selections from Keats" which forms one of the new volumes of Routledge's "Pocket Library."


KEATS.

Keats wrote but little, but the greater part of what he wrote will be cherished as long as English literature endures. It is truly remarkable that poetry with so fine a classic ring should have been written by one who had so little of so-called "education" to speak of. And yet, how encouraging this is! You can obtain a good knowledge of the classics through translations, as Keats discovered. Indeed, I am not sure that you have not now an advantage over Keats, so far as Homer is concerned. Messrs. Butcher and Lang's "Odyssey" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.) is certainly not inferior to Chapman's. It is a prose translation, it is true, but with so fine a spirit of poetry that one feels far more at home with the gods of Greece than when reading Chapman or Pope or Cowper. Yes; on the student who does not read Greek Mr. Andrew Lang and his friends have conferred an inestimable boon.

Wordsworth's Early Poems.

Another of Messrs. Routledge's pretty little shilling volumes is Wordsworth's "Early Poems." Those of my readers who cannot afford Mr. Matthew Arnold's fine "Selection" from Wordsworth should buy this one. They will discover, if they have not done so before, that Wordsworth's best work was his earlier. It was during those years of early enthusiasm, when the hopes which sprang from the French Revolution had hardly had time to die.

> Bliss was it that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven

he sings; and then came those exquisite sonnets on "Milton" in "Personal Talk," and those perfect lyrics in the "Highland Girl" and the "Highland Reaper." To make Wordsworth's acquaintance in a volume of "Selections" like this is to realise the full force of good poetry. To make his acquaintance in a substantial tome with "The Excursion," "Prelude," and other long poems is, perhaps, to misjudge him. After a time, when the full fever of Wordsworth-worship is upon us, we can even feel that there is much to be gained from—

> A drowsy, prowsy poem called "The Excursion,"
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

At the Grave of Victor Hugo.

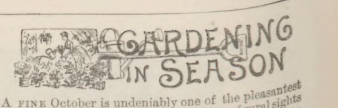
A day or two ago I stood at the grave of Victor Hugo in the crypt of the Panthéon in Paris. The Panthéon is supposed to correspond with our Westminster Abbey as the last resting-place of the great men of France. And yet Victor Hugo alone is to be found there of all the long list of distinguished writers who have been the glory of the country. Voltaire and Rousseau were there for a time, but with the restoration of Louis XVIII. their ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Victor Hugo's coffin is exposed to the view of every passer by. Wreaths lie around it, most of them faded and dusty, and, indeed, the sight altogether, the darkness and gloom, the musty smell, the environment altogether, is one which one hardly cares to associate with one of the greatest of poets and novelists.

A National Valhalla.

I am not blindly enthusiastic over Westminster Abbey, because, if there are many of our illustrious dead buried there, there are a much larger number who are only commemorated by monuments, or not at all. Shakspere and Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley, Byron and Keats are not there; and it is the same in many branches of literature and life, besides poetry. But, on the other hand, it is a place which no Englishman can enter without deepest reverence and emotion. But the French Valhalla is in no way so effective. While ostentatiously dedicated to "the memory of great men," scarcely any of them, as I have said, are to be found there; and there is a general atmosphere of ecclesiasticism about the place, with its Church pictures and decorations, which is more oppressive than anything in the Abbey.

TATLER.

Keating's Powder.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[Advt.]



A fine October is undeniably one of the pleasantest months in all the year. For the true lover of rural sights and sounds it possesses a peculiar charm that even the "leafy month of June" itself can hardly equal. A calm hush seems to rest upon all around: the heats of summer, as well as the storms of September, are past, and though the nights are long and cool the sun shines brightly through the fast-yellowing woods, and a walk—brisk or slow, according to the mood of the moment—along the quiet lanes, between hedges gay with many a hue of leaf and berry, is one of the most enjoyable things imaginable. As one strolls drown the avenue, or through the plantation, the newly fallen leaves rustle pleasantly beneath one's feet, while the air is full of their faint peculiar odour.

Again, what a

Wealth of Colour

is afforded by the fading foliage of the various kinds of trees! The woods are now rich with such masses of gold, orange-russet, crimson, and purple as no canvas could reproduce, and that cannot fail to excite at once the admiration and envy of the artist eye. If these are varied and relieved here and there by the rich dark-green of the pine, the effect is still more striking. The art of planting trees with a view to fine effects of foliage in the autumn is a most important and, at the same time, too much neglected one. I will refer to this subject again in a future paper, but we must now proceed to the

Flower Garden,

where the recent frosts have done but little damage, after all; and dahlias, heliotropes, begonias, and many other tender subjects are still blooming brightly, except in very exposed places.—Hardy

Roses

of the hybrid, perpetual, and other classes should now be planted in the beds already prepared for them, as directed in this column; but the more tender ones and noisettes had better be left until the spring—at any rate, in cold or exposed gardens. Standards, which are still the favourites with many, should be planted with the collar of the plants or setting-on of the roots as near the surface as possible; but dwarfs that have been grafted should be set just deep enough to bury the point of union, so that, in time, the scion may form roots for itself. Those who desire to have plenty of nice roses for cutting, &c., however, should plant plenty of those that have been raised from cuttings and not worked on a stock of any kind—what are called "own root" roses, in fact. These take some time to become established, but in good ground yearly increase in size and strength, and produce a marvellous quantity of fine blooms, while they never throw "rogue" suckers, and, if any, these are true to the parent stock.

Persevere also in the planting of

Ornamental Trees and Shrubs

of all kinds, also of ivies, clematis, and other hardy climbers, and Dutch bulbs. Turf may still be laid to form new lawns, and hardy herbaceous subjects divided and replanted. This is also a good season for making any kind of alterations in pleasure-grounds. By-the-way, we must not forget our

Hyacinths

to be grown in glasses for the house, which should be started now, or shortly. In purchasing the bulbs bear in mind that the single varieties are generally much more showy and satisfactory when in bloom than the doubles, and also that the best are often the cheapest in the end. These favourite flowers may also be grown well in damp sand or moss, as may also narcissi, crocuses, and one or two others. A

Very Pretty Way

of growing the above is to do so in bowls of china or glass, of any convenient size, and partly filled with water. Fix the bulbs in their places by means of stones or pieces of brick, and fill up with water until nearly touching the base of the bulbs. Keep them in a cool, dark place for a time, in the same way as hyacinths in glasses are treated, and when plenty of roots have been formed, and the tops are beginning to move, gradually introduce them to warmth and light. More water must be added from time to time to supply the waste caused by evaporation, and a bit or two of charcoal will greatly aid in keeping it sweet; soft water is best in all cases. Three or four well-grown narcissi in a pretty china bowl form a beau-ideal of an æsthetic ornament for the sitting or drawing-room; the stones may be surfaced with moss if desired.

Vegetable Garden.

Mushroom beds for bearing in December and early in the new year should be made up without delay. The manure, &c., of which they are composed should have been turned over at intervals of a few days three or four times previously, in order to render it both sweet and fairly dry. It is not now, however, considered necessary to turn the materials so many times as was done in days gone by, the addition of from a fifth to an eighth part of the whole of good garden soil, or, better still, maiden loam, being found to answer the purpose. The material must, however, be in a half-dry condition when used, or the spawn will never run in it. Wait until the heat has reached its maximum and again fallen to about 80 deg., then spawn the bed, earth it up, and cover with a foot or so of straw or dried fern to conserve the warmth. A warm shed, heated by means of a couple of rows of hot-water pipes along the front, is about the best place to grow winter mushrooms in. A pit sown or planted a short time back with

French Beans,

and to which a little artificial heat can be applied if necessary, will now be found very serviceable. Keep the plants moist, and ventilate whenever safe to do so.

Pears

are now fairly plentiful, though not so much so as in some seasons. Some of the best for use this month are Beurré d'Amanlis, Beurré Superfin, Brown Beurré, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Marie Louise, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Seckel, Swan's Egg, Comte de Lamy, and Fondante d'Automne

B. C. R.

Yes, the Ruptured will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his Books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[Advt.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

There is still little going on in the art-world except renewed squabbling over the distribution of prizes in Paris, and announcements of events to come.

This squabbling, it seems to me, attaches importance to one feature of the Bushey system of art-teaching explained by Mr. Herkomer in his already much-talked-about article in the September *Universal Review*, though this has been overlooked because of his more attractive financial facts and figures. But a good deal of his pupils' success in making money is the result of his methods of instruction, and it is worth while noting that in his art-school there are no competitions and no prizes. Prizes and competitions are all very good in their way, but the Paris Exhibition is a warning of the evils and absurdities to which they may lead. Now, according to M. H. S. of the *Pall Mall*, it is found that one award at least was given to an artist who never exhibited at all!

The Arts and Crafts show will open on Monday. The private view is being held to-day (Saturday). The members of this society believe that now-a-days they hold the monopoly of rightness in art, and that their shows somehow are to prove valuable factors in social and economic reform. At last year's Art Congress in Liverpool, William Morris declared that the artist's duty now-a-days is either to work actively for the reformation of society, or else to contribute towards this reformation by promoting the welfare of the Arts and Crafts. One, therefore, looks to this coming exhibition not only because of its artistic interest, but because of the social and economic value attached to it.

Last year's exhibition was interesting without doubt, but it did not give greater promise for the artistic future of England than the shows of less Socialistic societies. And it was only in the lectures given in connection with it that the special bearing upon political economy of the arts and crafts represented was explained.

However, many of the exhibitors are sure to show good work, and that is the main point. Henry Holiday was one of the principal contributors last year, though the special design sketched in this column last week was sent to the Royal Academy. This fine drawing, with its scroll "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" explains itself. It presumably is intended for a church, as is so much of Mr. Holiday's work. At the last Arts and Crafts he showed a very large mosaic, which, even before the exhibition closed, was sent off to the church in Philadelphia for which it was designed and executed; and, in addition to this, his cartoons covered a large portion of the walls. You may look for something from him next week at the Art Gallery.

Like so many other of these Arts-and-Crafts-men, his sympathies are warmly Radical and Socialistic. Now, I hold that, as a rule, the general public has absolutely nothing to do with the beliefs and sympathies of an artist outside his art. But men like Mr. Morris and Mr. Crane are so determined that the public shall not ignore their religious, social, and political creed that it is quite impossible to notice much of their work without touching upon it. Mr. Holiday is following in their footsteps. Only a couple of weeks ago he contributed to the *Star* a line drawing of Mr. Watts's painting of "Mammon" with a decidedly Socialistic explanation. And it was he who worked with Mr. Crane in decorating with very symbolical designs St. James's Hall last spring for the great Home Rule demonstration. Within the last year we have heard as much of his politics as of his art.

Another exhibition, even more interesting from an artistic standpoint, is that of the English Impressionists at the Goupil Gallery in Bond-street, which will probably also open this month. The exhibitors here are men of whose politics we know little or nothing, but of whose very decided art views we know a great deal, and upon them in a large measure depends the art future of England. They are almost all young, and their work has been seen, brought together, at the New English Art Club exhibitions, and scattered through the other galleries.

There will be work by Mr. Wilson Steer, who has been so much influenced by Manet and by Monet, whose paintings also were shown not so long ago by Boussod and Valadon; Francis Bate, who made one of the most sensible speeches at the last Art Congress; Walter Sickert, who has worked so faithfully in the music halls of London; Bernard Sickert, who had a picture this summer at the People's Palace; and, in fact, almost all the members of the new English Art Club.

Still another event promised for this month is the second Art Congress, to be held at Edinburgh.

THE BOHEMIAN.

Fatal Football.—A young man named Hopton, who was injured in a football match at Newport (Mon.) on Saturday, died in the infirmary on Monday.—During a match played under the Association rules at Heywood on Saturday, a young man named Ashworth, in charging an opponent, fell violently to the ground and sustained serious injuries to his spine. He was carried from the field in great agony, and was not expected to recover.

Sculling Match on the Thames.—A professional sculling match between two young tradesmen oarsmen, Dave Godwin jun. and Jacob Tyrrell, took place on the Thames last Monday, between Putney and Mortlake, the stakes at issue being £20, with an additional wager of £15 a side. Tyrrell is the champion of the Lea, and young Godwin hails from Battersea, and is the son of the well-known veteran sculler of the same name. Godwin, who was favourite at 2 to 1 on, lost the toss, and Tyrrell chose the Middlesex station, in order to obtain the most sheltered water. A high wind and heavy rain made the water very lumpy, and, though Godwin got best away and led to the Creek, Tyrrell soon pulled ahead, and was clear at Craven Cottage. A fine race ensued to Hammersmith, Godwin opposite the Soapworks trying to row his man down, but Tyrrell, who was then in the wrong, gave way, and having to go under the centre arch of Hammersmith in consequence he lost his position, Godwin leading a length in his turn past Biffin's. This position was maintained all along Chiswick Eyot until reaching Thornycroft's, when Tyrrell eased, and Godwin went right away. The latter had an easy task subsequently, and eventually won by four lengths.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, and write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-pl., Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

DISASTROUS FLOODS IN JAPAN.

PARTICULARS of the great catastrophe have come from Japan. The province of Kii, in the south-west of Japan, has been visited by the greatest tragedy in the history of the country. Probably more than 15,000 people have been killed; several towns have been wiped completely off the face of the earth, and others have been nearly demolished. The catastrophe was occasioned by floods in the western part of the province and by the crumbling of a mountain, which buried six villages under a huge mass of rocks and earth. The scene of the disaster—in its heart-rending desolation and misery—defied description. Bodies and wreckage of all description cover the fields for miles around, and it will be months before the survivors can proceed with work. The loss in money is roughly estimated at 6,000,000 dols. Relief has been sent to the ruined district, but inadequate facilities for collecting and distributing provisions made the suffering intense, and in the outlying districts many must have died from starvation. Fifteen thousand is the estimated number of lives lost. The exact number will never be known, as whole towns have been wiped from the earth, with no survivor to tell the story.



EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.
FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to depôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £50 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government depôt, free of cost.
Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen, gardeners, miners, navvies.
Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to the AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND, 1, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, London, S.W.
All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LAND ORDER WARRANTS. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the Shipping [illegible] the [illegible] or from the [illegible] for Queensland.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid. G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post-free.

BUTLER'S BRASS - BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER contains the first instalment of a New Serial Story, by T. W. SPEIGHT, entitled "A DEAD RECKONING."
W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47, Paternoster-row, London; and Edinburgh.

BLINDS from £3 5s. Westlake's self-acting SHOP BLINDS command the largest sale in the world, and are the best and cheapest in London. Payable £1 monthly; discount for cash.—WESTLAKE, 147 and 149, Great College-st., Camden Town.

UNCOVERED.—We will print your name and address in our Agents' Directory, for six penny stamps: you will then receive great numbers of pictures, cards, catalogues, circulars, magazines, papers, general samples, &c., uncovering to you the broad field of the great employment and agency business. Thousands of men and women make large sums of money in the Agency line. An excellent return awaits all those whose names are in our book, for they will be quickly informed as to all the new money-making things that come out, and people who first get such information make money fast. Those whose names are in our Directory get this information free and at once. Thousands through it will be led to profitable work. The very best small investment you can make is to have your name printed in this Directory. Address: AGENTS' DIRECTORY Co., 5, York-place, Southend.

TOO FAT.
Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.; Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 2d.; Six for 1s. 4d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.; Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will promptly receive Highly Finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammering and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter, free of cost. New Treatise post-free, 6 stamps.—24, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

"Invaluable in facial neuralgia."—Medical Times.
TONGA.—"TONGA maintains its reputation in the treatment of neuralgia."—Lancet.
Tonga is sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

5/- EACH. 10,000 CARPETS 5/- EACH.



FIVE SHILLINGS EACH. GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING COMPANY will forward DIRECT FROM THEIR LOOMS to any address, on receipt of Postal Order for 5s., or 62 stamps, one of their GENUINE WOVEN, REVERSIBLE TRIUMPH CARPETS, bordered and woven in colours, to suit dining-room, drawing-room, bed-room, &c., and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM, as an advertisement for the introduction of their goods.

These Carpets are made of a material almost equal to wool, and, being a specialty of our own, they can only be obtained DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS, thus saving the purchasers ANY MIDDLE PROFITS.

REMEMBER, these Carpets and Rugs are woven, and not merely printed on canvas, like the so-called carpets some firms advertise. We guarantee these Carpets to give every satisfaction, or Money will be Returned in Full. Don't forget to send Postal Order for Sample, or you may never have another chance of getting a Carpet at such a ridiculously low price.

A RUG sent to match Carpet for 1s. 6d. extra. All Orders are executed same day as received.

Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10s. 6d.

SPECIAL OFFER—Four Carpets and Four Rugs, 20s.

⁂ The words "Union Bank" should be written across all Postal Orders, and made payable to J. Hargreaves.

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., 31, OLD-STREET, ALDERSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BREMEN.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Of the three German free Hanseatic cities, Bremen—probably derived from the old German word *bremun* (brim)—is certainly second in importance. It may seem strange, yet is quite natural, that Bremen, like Hamburg, has far outstripped Lübeck, which was, in times long gone by, at the head of the Hanseatic League. The reason is accounted for simply by the geographical position. Bremen, having the Weser, which flows into the German Ocean, is in more



THE RATHHAUS, BREMEN.

Direct Touch with the Commerce of the World

than Lübeck, which lies out of the track of the high commercial sea route. But Bremen has not yet succeeded in outstripping Hamburg, and hardly ever will, although it is increasing in population and in trade. Bremen has this difficulty, that, although only about thirty-eight miles from the mouth of the Weser, deep sea-going vessels cannot approach the town, but have to stop at Bremerhaven. Yet there is a good amount of shipping, and the entrances and clearances of sea-going vessels exceed annually about 3000, with a tonnage of about 1,500,000 tons. In 1887 there were arrivals—2897 vessels, with 1,444,683 registered tons; and departures, 3039 vessels, with 1,418,848 registered tons. Imports, value £28,203,000; exports, value £26,508,050. Bremen's merchantmen represent a very respectable fleet—at least 350 vessels, probably more. Its Transatlantic liners—those of the North German Lloyd—stand in high repute for largeness, speed, and comfort. Bremen has ceased to be a free port since Oct. 15 last year. All imports from abroad are now subject to the German Customs duties.

The present population of Bremen may be computed at upwards of 170,000 souls, suburbs and the ports included. It was, on Dec. 1, 1887, no less than 169,201. The town is a busy one, yet it is quiet. But there is a good deal of railway traffic passing through the place, and to facilitate matters for travellers a central railway station is in course of construction. Its roof will measure 140 mètres in length, 28·38 mètres in height, and the diameter of the arched roof will be 59·30 mètres.

The Weser runs right through the town, dividing it into Altstadt and Neustadt (Old Town and New Town); another district is the Vorstadt (suburb), which was formerly separated from the Old Town by the moat of the former fortifications, but is now really an integral part of the Old Town; and these two districts together, which contain most of the houses, form a kind of crescent on the right bank of the river.

The New Town

is really not new—it dates from the first quarter of the seventeenth century; but the old city is indeed old. There are many public buildings dating from the eleventh century: some private dwellings are even of an earlier period. Anyhow, the city was founded by Charlemagne, in the year 788.

The place ceased to be a fortress after 1815. Its ramparts were then converted into promenades, and these promenades are really unique. They are simply lovely, and afford most charming walks through beautiful beds of flowers, fine avenues of very old trees, here walks on a slope, there walks on the plateau, and now and then monuments and fountains. The promenades—really a long park—offer such a variety of scenery that you can never get tired of them, and of course having replaced the fortifications they run in zigzag, and include the contrescarpe beyond the moat, which latter forms as it were a kind of river running through this delightful part of rustic scenery.

The promenades extend from and beyond the Stephan's-gate, close to the railway bridge spanning the Weser, to the Osterdyke. I should say that, taking into account the various windings, the promenades have a length of upwards of three miles.

The city formerly had no other park. There were also no woods or shady walks or pretty natural rural parts in the immediate vicinity of the place. But there is

A Park Rising

—the Bürgerpark—the establishment of which was begun in 1886. It covers a superficial area of 600 acres. The State gave the ground free of charge to those who undertook the task of creating a park, and the Bremen citizens found the money for making and maintaining the park by means of voluntary contributions, which, at the end of last year, amounted to £75,000. A worthy citizen of Bremen,

Gustav Deetjen,

has just bestowed a magnificent money gift of £15,000 upon the Park Association, enabling it to build without further help the contemplated large building—"Park-Haus"—which is to replace the provisional structure, and which is to have large dining-halls and a concert-hall. This Bürgerpark is already now, in the summer, a favourite centre sought by the Bremen people. The park has carriage drives, carefully made promenades, and small forest paths, and it is adorned with cosy pavilions, lovely groups of trees, lakes, and flower-beds, and recently—this summer—had an addition in a large tower, from which the country for miles around can be viewed.

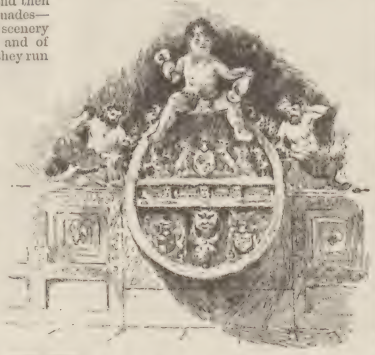
The People

in general are rather austere. There is a stiffness in their habits that is rather surprising. Those who live in villa residences, with beautiful verandahs and gardens in front, hardly dare have their coffee or tea, as is customary in many German towns, in those verandahs or gardens, for fear of offending the supposed good taste of their neighbours; yet there is plenty of life in cafés, beer- and wine-houses, and restaurants, with which Bremen is quite adequately provided, and, as in all other German places, the restaurants of the railway stations, large spacious halls with every comfort and convenience, are resorts where the townspeople meet and discuss over a cup of coffee, a glass of beer, or luncheon or supper their domestic and other affairs. The Tonhalle, Central Hall, and Casino are large establishments where, at times, public dancing, dramatic and musical entertainments of private associations, and sometimes—i.e., before Christmas—all kinds of public shows, à la music-hall, are being held.

There is no lack of musical societies, both vocal and instrumental, and music is much fostered by the people. We have all kinds of concerts here during the winter months, and are not barren of good music in the summer. The Stadt-Theater, built in 1843, is the only permanent home of the muses. It holds 1600 people, and is under the direction of Herr Alex. Senger; and operas and plays are well given. The theatre was originally built in 1792, but there is not a vestige left of that edifice, nor is the new theatre situated in the place of the former.

Three Bridges

over the Weser connect the Old and New Towns, of which the Grosse Weser Bridge is the oldest, and the Kaiser Bridge, completed in 1875, the latest; the third is the railway bridge, which has a path for foot-passengers on either side. Three squares, the market, Domshof and Domshaide, situated in very close proximity to each other, form the centre of the Old Town, and here are likewise the most important public buildings. Most of the streets are narrow and curved, a remnant of a fortified town; and curved, but wider, are even the two principal arteries, the Langenstrasse and Obernstrasse. But



SCULPTURE OF BACCHUS AT THE RATHSKELLER, BREMEN.

some straight streets are now being made. The New Town has straight streets, but mostly small low-built houses, thus contrasting greatly with the Old Town, with its large gable houses, and the pretty villa residences of its suburban modern quarter. Of

Churches

there are a goodly number: among them ranks foremost the Dom (Cathedral), but the building inaugurated in 780 has long ceased to exist. The present edifice was begun in 1040-50, finished in 1072. It has since been altered a great deal, and consists at present of five aisles. Its architecture boasts of many different styles, and is thus most interesting. The Bleikeller (lead-cellar), under the Cathedral, with its mummies, is very curious, on account of its inherent property of preventing decomposition. The Liebfrauen Church, Martini Church, Ansgarii Church, and Stephani Church date from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, although most of them were not completed till a century or two later. The only Roman Catholic Johannis Church dates also from the thirteenth century, but the Remberti, Friedens, new Jacobi, and Wilhadi Churches are of very recent construction.

The Pride of Bremen

is the Rathhaus, which is really picturesque. Its style is German Renaissance and Gothic. The Rathskeller, of world-wide fame, underneath the Rathhaus, is in itself a grand sight. Wine is to be had there—and some very old wine into the bargain, and the cellarer is ready to show you the vaults which lie even below this cellar, in some of which very old Rhine wines are kept in huge vats—among others the Rose wine of 1624. The vat was always kept filled, and the cellarer makes your mouth water when he talks of this delicious nectar, which was only served on some special occasions to the senators assembled in secret council upon important questions; and the Bremens will have it that the proverbial phrase *sub rosa* is derived from the fact that the senators were in secret conclave held *under the rose*. It is calculated that, reckoning interest upon interest for the many years the wine has been kept, every single drop of it costs over a milliard of marks. You have to take that on trust: the High Senatorial Council's cellarer vouches for it.

There is also a Bacchus Hall in the cellar, in which are to be found the oldest wine-vats—among them the one of the year 1624, which is adorned by the figure of a Bacchus carved in wood. But the old figure had become so rotten that it fell to pieces, and about ten years ago an attempt was made to replace it by a new work.

Other Public Buildings.

The Market-Place is replete with ancient buildings, and the Roland Statue, facing the Rathhaus, 18 ft. 5 in. high, dates from 1404. Opposite the Rathhaus there is the Schütting, built 1537-94, and which, since 1849, is the seat of the Bremen Chamber of Commerce. Its architecture is rather characteristic. To the south-east of the market there is the modern structure of the new Exchange, a beautiful edifice, both outside and inside.

The new Imperial Post Office, built 1875-8, on the Domshaide-square, is a magnificent building. In the Renaissance style. The Gewerbehaus—I should call it Guildhall—built in 1619, is indeed remarkable—if for nothing else, at least for the state of preservation of its outer structure. There are many more fine buildings of modern and ancient structure—among the former the Freemasons' Hall and the Imperial Bank—but I cannot go into particulars. The town is not devoid of some fine statues and monuments. It has also a town library of about 70,000 volumes. There is a splendid museum, and there are fine collections, and the Kunsthalle (art gallery) is rich in fine paintings and sculptures, but is most noteworthy for its splendid collection of Dürer's own drawings, and a very complete collection of excellent copperplates of that master's works.

Charitable institutions are not wanting. Swimming, riding, and boating are not neglected. And, altogether, life here is very pleasant, if you have once accommodated yourself to the peculiarities of the Bremen people, which are those of old patricians.

The means of communication in the town are tramways and cabs, and tramways connect also some of the outlying villages with the city; but not uninteresting. Steamers leave Bremerhaven regularly during the summer for the islands of Heligoland and Norderney—the North Sea baths of the Germans. Finally, Bremen has indulged in the luxury of a fine Central Railway Station, which will be opened on the 15th of October.



THE SCHÜTTEN, BREMEN.

BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW.

All London is shortly to be invited to flock to Olympia to view what Mr. Barnum calls "the greatest show on earth." There landed at Liverpool last week from the steamer City of Rome a party of Mr. P. T. Barnum's agents and managers, to the number of about two dozen, and the majority of the party went on to London by an early train from Lime-street Station. The company of the show is enormous, the total number being somewhere about 1500 men and animals. The performers for the circuses and menageries will number 250, and the horses for the hippodrome and spectacular shows total 300 head, all of them trained to their own department. For the circus and other entertainments a herd of twenty-two elephants and eighteen camels are requisitioned, and some of the menagerie inmates are confined in 150 cages, in addition to which there are 100 head of bed stock, including buffalo, elks, moose deer, and other large animals. There are to be five circuses in full swing simultaneously at Olympia, three going on upon the ordinary level of the ground, and two being in progress upon raised platforms. In the menagerie Mr. Cooke said there would be the usual performing lions, tigers, leopards, and wolves, but that every thing would be on a scale "proportionate to the resources of the greatest show on earth," which will probably be open from the middle of October till the end of February. The chief portion of the establishment is to be brought to London from New York by a special steamer.

INSURRECTION AT HAWAII.

News received at Plymouth last Sunday from Auckland gives details of the insurrection at Hawaii on July 30.

J. W. Willcox,

well known as an Hawaiian Government pupil at a military academy in Italy, led about 100 armed men over the Palace wall in Honolulu shortly after three o'clock in the morning. The guard could offer no resistance, and Willcox and his men demanded the surrender of the Palace. Lieutenant Robert Parker, who was in charge with twelve of the household guards, refused to surrender. The Government troops were called out, and

Attacked the Rebels

in the Palace yard, when firing commenced and became general on both sides. Minister Damon appealed to Willcox to surrender, but the insurgent leader declined to receive any communications, and the firing continued briskly. Robert Boyd Willcox, sub-lieutenant, and a student were fatally wounded. A squad of marines from the American war-ship Adams landed and marched to the United States Legation, where they were stationed for the protection of American interests. On the 31st the Government decided to make an effort to

Dislodge Willcox

from the bungalow to which he had retreated, and a terrific fusillade was begun upon the spot, with the result that the rebels held up a white flag and called out "Surrender." The gates were thrown open, and a force of volunteers, entering, received the submission of Willcox and about thirty of his followers. The remainder made good their escape over the palace wall. The thirty who had surrendered to Lieutenant Parker in the afternoon were previously sent to the station under guard. Willcox and his gang were also escorted to the police-station. During the fighting,

Six Persons were Killed

and eight wounded. It is believed that the plan of the insurrectionists was to secure the person of the King and to demand of him a new Constitution and a new Cabinet, and also his abdication in favour of Liliuokalani, his sister, the Heiress Apparent.



ROMANCE IN A CIRCUS: THE RIVAL ACROBATS.

HUMOUR AND FANCY.

TAWKER: How can you afford to send your family to Saratoga, when you told me only last month that you were broke?

CAWKER: Oh, I'm in a new business now. I have started a drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot-and-ascertain-the-machine-is-out-of-order company.—*New York Life.*

TOMMY: I'm going to tell ma you pushed me overboard.

LITTLE JOHNNIE: You'd better not.

TOMMY: She'll lick me if I say I fell over.

LITTLE JOHNNIE: That's what you'd better tell her. If you put the blame on me I'll lick you, and I'll hurt you more than your mother will.—*New York Life.*

FOND MAMMA: Come here, darling. What have you been playing with?

DARLING: Don't wemember.

FOND MAMMA: Your hands are perfectly covered with dust.

DARLING: I dot de dust off dat big book.

FOND MAMMA: Why, I declare the child has been playing with the family Bible.—*America.*

"LAURA," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening."

"It was solely for economy, mamma," answered the maiden.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

"Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it, mamma, dear?" replied the artless girl.

And her fond parent could find no more to say.—*Ex.*

MINISTER: I'm sorry to see, my little boy, that you have been fishing, and this Sunday.

BOY: Hain't got no other time. I've got ter yell "Cash" all the week in Linen and Lawn's store.

MINISTER: But don't you know it is sinful to go fishing on Sunday?

BOY: Don't care. Hain't got no other time, I tell you.

MINISTER: It is sad to see such depravity in one so young. Have you ever been to Sunday-school?

BOY: Yes; Christmas and picnic time.

MINISTER: Don't you wish to go to a better place some day—to the new Jerusalem?

BOY: Guess not. I live in Boston.—*Boston Courier.*



Our Quizzing Artist says: If the ladies, now they have started the fashion of wearing their watches upon their wrists, were to carry a sensible timepiece of larger dimensions in a conspicuous position, as suggested above, a real want might be supplied. Passers-by could always know the time of day without the necessity of unbuttoning two or three coats in a cold easterly wind to get at one's watch, that requires the use of spectacles to see it. Then, again, an alarum might be set to remind the fair wearer of dinner-time or an appointment; besides, any clock could be made quite a striking addition to the feminine attire.

A NEW LADIES' FASHION AMPLIFIED: THE TIME O' DAY.

1s. BE IN TIME. 1s.

1s. CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOXES. 1s.

EVERY BOX CONTAINS a SPLENDID ARTICLE of ASSYRIAN GOLD or SILVER JEWELLERY, WORTH AT LEAST DOUBLE THE MONEY PAID.

MANY of the BOXES will be FOUND to CONTAIN PRIZES SOLD by RETAIL JEWELLERS at from 10s. to 15s. each.

STERLING SILVER WATCHES WILL FROM TIME TO TIME BE INCLUDED.

The Magnificent Collection of Jewellery consists of ASSYRIAN GOLD Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, Necklets, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Victoria Alberts, Gem Rings, Albert Chains (marked 18c. on every link), Scarf Rings, Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Charms, Gold Pencil-Cases, &c.

1s. JUST READ THIS. 1s.

To every Purchaser of one of these Lucky Boxes I will present, Free, a Bonus Packet for dull Evenings' Amusement.

1s.—BONUS PACKET.—1s. CONTAINS

100 beautiful Relief Scraps, for Albums, &c.; also Six splendid French Chromo Pictures; also a Cure for Love; also a Comical Curious Love-Letter; also Mother Shipton's Prophecies; and last, but not least, a LOVELY ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CARDS.

Remember, all the above given FREE with the LUCKY BOX.

This is, without doubt, the most extraordinary Shilling's-worth ever offered; and, as this Advertisement may not appear again, early application is requested.

Remember, the CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOX and the BONUS PACKET ALL FOR ONE SHILLING; or, carriage paid, 14 stamps; two for 2s. 3d.

Readers will therefore CUT THE COUPON OUT, and say how many required. We feel confident that they will delight all. Each article will form a suitable and handsome present for those who wish to have something to give away. Being makers, we are enabled to supply articles that can be viewed with admiration at one half the usual retail price.

DO NOT MISS THIS GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

We have no hesitation in announcing this the GREATEST DISTRIBUTION in the Jewellery Trade.

The Coupon must be sent, in all cases, with name and address written very plainly.

As the demand for these articles is expected to be very great, the EARLY RETURN of COUPONS will prevent delay in delivery. All Coupons will be taken in rotation as they arrive.

P.] LUCKY BOX COUPON. [I.
This Coupon entitles the holder to one or more LUCKY BOXES and BONUS PACKETS, carriage paid. One for 1s. 3d., Two for 2s. 3d., Five for 5s.
The Two Lots for the price of One.

Stamps taken, but Post-office Orders preferred, as they are much safer, made payable at Matthias-place.

JOHN J. CARTER,
WHOLESALE JEWELLER, &c., MATTHIAS-ROAD, LONDON, N.
Established 1870.

1s. 6d. GOLD! GOLD! 1s. 6d.

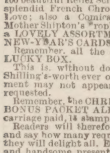
For Eighteen Stamps I will send, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY, An ASSYRIAN GOLD CURB or FETTER LINK GENTLEMAN'S ALBERT CHAIN. The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.

J. J. CARTER, Importer,
MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

1s. PHILADELPHIA POCKET 1s.
1s. TIME INDICATOR. 1s.

(Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, crystal glass dome, patent adjusting swivel ring for attaching to watch-guard. Each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years. Post-free, 1s. 3d.; Two for 2s. 3d.

J. J. CARTER, Importer,
MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.



3s. SEWING MACHINE

(Patented No. 7309). Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no winding of bobbins; no trouble; no teaching. It will do all the family dressmaking, &c. Sent carriage free, 3s. 6d.; two for 6s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL.

24 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED, for 1d.

NEW VOLUME NOW COMMENCING.

Now ready, price 1d., the FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW VOLUME OF

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL, being No. 313, in which appear the following, among numerous other contributions:—

1.—A NEW SERIAL STORY OF MODERN LIFE, entitled "The Lady Egeria; or, Brought to Light." By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD. Illustrated.
2.—A NEW SENSATIONAL SERIAL STORY, called "Jack Gordon, Knight Errant." By BARCLAY NORTH, Author of "The Diamond Button." Illustrated.
3.—REPRESENTATIVE MEN AT HOME. A Series of interviews with Popular Favourites and Other Celebrities of the Day. Illustrated. The subject of No. 313 is MR. HENRY IRVING.
4.—TRUE STORIES OF DARK DEEDS. By WILLIAM WESTALL. The title of the Story in No. 313 is "A Witness from the Grave."
5.—CELEBRATED CATASTROPHES. Newly told Tales of Notable Colliery and Railway Disasters, of Fires and Floods, and of Shipwrecks, &c.
6.—HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS by F. BARNARD, J. F. SULLIVAN, and others.
7.—THE EARL'S SECRET. A Complete Sensational Story. By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh," &c.
8.—A MEXICAN WOLF HUNT.
9.—REMARKABLE RUNS ON BANKS.
10.—THE GHOST OF MERRINCOURT HALL. A Complete Story.
11.—THE ROYAL AND TITLED STATUES OF LONDON.
12.—Numerous Stories, Articles on Popular Subjects, Anecdotes, Jokes, Poems, Jottings, Answers to Correspondents, &c., &c.

"The best and cheapest pennyworth of popular literature ever produced."—The Times.

Orders are now received by all Booksellers.
CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

The "Christian Herald" says: "Mrs. Leach's books are the pioneers of home dressmaking."
200 PAIRS of GLOVES GIVEN AWAY.
See

MRS. LEACH'S FAMILY DRESSMAKER.

October Fashions of Every Description Illustrated. Price 2d.

Containing Lessons in Dressmaking. Sixty Illustrations of the Latest Costumes, Dolmans, &c., with quantity of material required, &c. Valuable Hints on Family Matters.

All Newsvendors. By post, three stamps.

PAPER PATTERN GIVEN AWAY with

MRS. LEACH'S CHILDREN'S DRESSMAKER

for OCTOBER. Just out. Price 1d.

Containing a Cut-out Pattern of a Boy's Tunic and Forty Illustrations of the latest Dolmans, Jackets, and Costumes for all ages, with Lessons in Dressmaking.

All Newsagents; or post-free, two stamps; or the two books by post, four stamps.

MRS. LEACH, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.

A Lady says: "Mrs. Leach's practical books should be in the hands of every lady."
Now ready, price 2d.,

MRS. LEACH'S FANCY WORK BASKET.

CONTENTS.
New Fancy Work. | Mountmellick Embroidery.
Church Needlework. | Knitting and
Fancy Work in Colorado. | Crochet Work.

Now ready, price 2d. each.

FANCY WORK FOR LADIES.

By Mrs. LEACH.
Each book fully Illustrated and Complete.
KNITTING QUILTS, SHAWLS, and USEFUL ARTICLES.
STOCKING-KNITTING. 27 Illustrations.
CROCHET WORK. Complete Guide.
CROCHET MACRAME. Fully Illustrated.
SMOCKING LESSONS. 30 Illustrations, New Designs.
FANCY BAZAARS, AND WHAT TO MAKE FOR THEM.

All Newsagents, or by post 2½d.; three books, seven stamps.

MRS. LEACH, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.

FOREMEN, TIMEKEEPERS, RAILWAY MEN, POLICE SERGEANTS, CLERKS, and all men of influence among the working-classes WANTED EVERYWHERE to form KENDAL and DENT'S highly successful Clubs for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver-Plated Goods, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Perambulators, Overmantels, Sewing-Machines, &c. Members pay 1s. per week. Splendid value, 6000 clubs in successful co-operation. Wholesale prices. Apply to KENDAL and DENT, Watch Manufacturers, 106, Cheapside, London. Great success in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

are confidently recommended as a Simple but Certain Remedy for

INDIGESTION.

See Testimonial, selected from Hundreds:—

"Croydon, 1885.

"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same.

"J. WILKINSON."

For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s.

I CURE FITS

AND TO PROVE IT

"I will GIVE A BOTTLE of my Remedy for Nothing, so that Sufferers may have an opportunity of testing the truth of what I fearlessly state."

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES OF THIS MARVELLOUS MEDICINE GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR.

I have made a life-long study of the disease of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, and when I say CURE, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have known my Remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to cure you is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Send at once for my TREATISE and a FREE BOTTLE of medicine. It costs you nothing for a trial, and IT WILL CURE!

Dr. H. G. ROOT,
73, FARRINGDON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WINTER DRESSES
WYLWYRWELL CLOTH (REGD.)
NEW MATERIAL FOR LADIES DRESSES.

We will send a FULL DRESS LENGTH OF BEAUTIFUL CLOTH (for good, strong, serviceable wear), in any of the following colours, CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS for 10s. 6d. Colours: Black, Blue, Fawn, Salmon, Reseda, Slate, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Ruby, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sage, Terra-Cotta, Amber: Peacock, Tabac, Smoke Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Green, Navy, Heather, and all the Newest Colours for the present season. These wonderful Dress Lengths have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and durability, having no equal.—"Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker" says, "These excellent Dress Cloths will give every satisfaction." "Lady's Pictorial" says: "These Half-Guinea Dress Lengths are strong and durable, and will stand any amount of rough wear" "The Queen" says: "Mr. Lutas Leathley's 10s. 6d. Cloth Dresses are extraordinarily cheap. The Countess of Westmeath begs to say she was very pleased with the Cloth Dress Length sent her by Mr. Lutas Leathley, which has given much satisfaction."

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

AN AMAZING OFFER. We will GIVE a very handsome Brocaded Silk Handkerchief with each Dress Length purchased from us during this season. These handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white or cream.

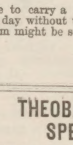
SPECIAL NOTICE. Patterns of our wonderful 10s. 6d. CLOTH DRESS LENGTHS will be sent post-free to any address. We give the PATTERN FREE, so that LADIES who write for our PATTERNS have not the trouble and expense of returning them. Write at once for a full list of Patterns and you will be astonished when you see them.

LUTAS P. LEATHLEY and CO., Cloth Dress Warehouse, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

J. THEOBALD AND CO.'S SPECIALITIES.

GRAND STATIONERY PACKET.
Over 50,000 Sold. Each Packet contains handsome crocodile leatherette writing-case, fitted with blotter, compartments for note-paper, envelopes, post-cards, and penholder, elastic securer; also note-paper and envelopes, carved ivorine penholder, paper-knife, magnifying lens, five photos on glass, a 4s. copyright song or piece, and magnificent coloured pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales, ten coloured engravings, beautiful oroide gold brooch, oroide gold scarf-pin, and a pocket handkerchief, carriage free, 2s. 3d.; two packets for 4s. 3d., or three for 6s. Biggest bargain ever offered. Carriage abroad, 1s. extra. Send at once.

ENORMOUS SCRAP PARCELS.



The biggest value, largest number and best quality ever offered. The Relief Scraps in these Parcels contain six to twelve colours in each picture. No. 1 Packet contains 250 beautifully coloured Relief Scraps and Pictures of Animals, Ships, Farm Houses, Clowns, Niggers, Musicians, Portraits, Games, Royalty, Children, Birds, Flowers, Comic Scenes, &c. Gratis with every packet, a magnificent Puzzle Picture, to put together of 322 pieces. The entire lot, carriage free, 1s. 3d. The No. 2 Parcel contains all the above in much larger variety, making 600 pictures altogether, and with every 2s. 6d. Packet is presented, gratis, a magnificent 6d. Scrap Picture of Father Christmas, and two magnificent Pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Carriage free, 2s. 6d. Purchasers of two 2s. 6d. Packets receive three 6d. Scrap Pictures gratis. The No. 3 Scripture Relief Scrap Parcel contains 216 pictures, illustrating scenes in the Old and New Testament. Free, 1s. 3d. Splendid Scrap Albums, 9d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. and 3s. each, free.

THE CELEBRATED NORWEGIAN SLIPPERS.

ORIGINAL INTRODUCERS, SALE 1000 PAIRS DAILY.

We are happy to state we have greatly improved these Slippers at an extra cost, without charging the public any more. They are now made a much better shape and much stronger throughout, and better quality material, in Scarlet, Blue, and Black. The great advantage of these Slippers is that there is no Leather, Nails, or Hard Substance to Hurt the Feet. They are Felt throughout, very strong, very nice-looking, and very easy. We send them to all parts of the world; people wear them all the year round. Try one pair, and you will soon send for more. Prices:—Ladies' 1s. 6d., post free; Gentlemen's 1s. 9d. 2d. per pair discount if three pairs are taken; 4d. per pair discount if six pairs. State size required, and try a pair at once. Customers who once have them always have them.

GRAND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with 500 Engravings, post-free, 1d. Novelties of every description imaginable. Special Catalogue of Steam Engines and Parts, 3d. Special Catalogue of Magic Lanterns, Slides, and Apparatus, 3d. Extra Special ditto, 200 pages, 8d.

J. THEOBALD and COMPANY
(Established 50 Years),
7A, BATH-PLACE, and 20, CHURCH-STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

KNIGHTHOOD OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

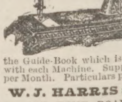
KENDAL and DENT'S WATCHES. The best value in the market. Largest sale in Great Britain. Silver Levers from 42s. Gold Levers from £5 5s. Grand value. Catalogues post-free. Apply Agents wanted to form Watch, &c., Clubs. 106, Cheapside, London.

DO NOT FAIL

to send for design showing exact size of our

DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE.



Only 40s. Complete.

Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for Dressmaking and Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at 5s. per Month. Particulars post-free.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited,
219, OLD KENT-ROAD and 69, NEWINGTON-CAUSEWAY, LONDON; and Branches.

NEARLY 40,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD BY US.

NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.

THE CHEAPEST FEATHER BEDS IN THE WORLD.

Direct from the Factory, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE COTTAGE SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb. .. .. 30s. 0d.

THE OSBORNE DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 50 lb. .. .. 37s. 6d.

THE WINDSOR DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 55 lb. .. .. 41s. 3d.

THE ROYAL EXTRA-SIZED BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft., weighing 65 lb. .. .. .. 48s. 9d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any size Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers, in Strong Union (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and carriage paid to any station in the United Kingdom. Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price-Lists, &c., post-free.

For the convenience of Purchasers we have opened Branches at 178, Strand, London, W.C., and 55, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally; or by letter.

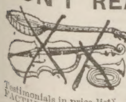
All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to NEWHAM and CO., Boston, Lincolnshire; THOS. DOWNS, 55, Great Ancoats-st., Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London, W.C. Feathers only 9d. per lb. The trade supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

4s. 6d. IRISH LINEN COLLARS.

Gents' Fourfold all Pure Linen Collars, all sizes and shapes, 4s. 6d. per dozen.

Sample White Shirts, Two Shillings and Sixpence. Linen Fittings, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, post-free. Write for Samples Linen, Goods Free.—G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

DON'T READ THIS!



Unless you like music. One of our facile Self-Instructors is presented, gratis, with every Instrument. Price-List free. Musical Instruments and Fittings of every kind at the wholesale price, and carriage paid (See Testimonials in price-list). THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.) 31, Moorgate-st., London.

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE. — NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE.

GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c.

Dazzling Mirror Finish.

Distinguished for its simple, cleanly, rapid, and permanent properties.

Sold Everywhere. In 6d. and 1s. Pots: 2d. and 1d. Tins, and 1d. cardboard Boxes.

Inventors and Sole Manufacturers, JOSEPH PICKERING and SONS, SHEFFIELD.

London Office, St. George's House, Eastcheap.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, for Varicose and Weakness, 5s.; Knee-caps, Leggings, Anklets 3s. 6d., 4s. each: Ladies' Abdominal Belts, 7s. 6d.; Rupture Truss, 4s. 6d. Illustrations, 4 stamps. MILLIKIN and LAWLEY, 165, Strand, London.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.—GOLD MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

SOLUBLE

EASILY DIGESTED

ECONOMICAL

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.

"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station; and all orders to the amount of £1, carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town by our own vans daily. Five per cent discount allowed off all goods sold and delivered at the counter when amounting to 10s. and upwards.

FOR BREAKFAST.

THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA,

Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE CONDENSED COCOA.

AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.

Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.

Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs.

A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application.

"The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review.

E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

AS we grow old marks under the eyes are apparent. This is altered by using ROSS'S SKIN TIGHTENER, 3s. 6d.; post-free, 4s. Chemists; or ROSS, 21, Lamb's-Conduit-street, W.C.

ECONOMICAL, NUTRITIOUS.

"GRAVINA."

EDWARDS' GRAVY POWDER, FOR GRAVIES, SOUPS, SAUCES, and Improving Stews and Hashes.

EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY.

A very Useful Book, sent post-free, on naming this Paper, from FREDK. KING & CO., Lt., 26, Waring-street, Belfast; 3 to 6, Camomile-street, London. Proprietors of EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS, SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Seasonable Delicacy.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

With Stewed Fruit.

GRATEFUL — COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

SAVE YOUR LIVES BY TAKING OWBRIDGE'S LUNG TONIC.

THE MIGHTY HEALER.

HAVE YOU A COUGH? A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

HAVE YOU A COLD? A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Sold Everywhere.

1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. per Bottle.

LANGDON DAVIES and CO.

WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?

SPLENDID CATALOGUE, with reply; also, "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH." 1000 Engravings; also remarkable testimonials sent gratis and post-free. Distinctly lowest prices in the trade. Specialité, RELIABLE WATCHES, prices from 7s. 9d. to 200 guineas. BEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD. The RELIANCE LEVER, 50s.; the CHRONOMETER LEVER, 63s.; the TEMPOMETER, 70s.; the DEMI-CHRONOMETER, 105s., are four of the best Watches ever made in any country.

£2 10s. ENGLISH LEVER at FIFTY SHILLINGS! Our new Special English Lever is unapproached by any Watch of the day. Capped, jewelled, sterling silver cases, and warranted. Extra qualities, 60s., 70s., to 120s.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

"KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d. Not a small clock, nor a toy; but our own spécialité, a Genuine Watch, with jewelled movement, nickelled cases, and warranted serviceable for years. Lady's size, 8s. 6d. Gent's Keyless, 9s. 6d. Keyless Lever, matchless timekeeper, 25s. Cheapest real Watches ever made. Every one guaranteed.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Birmingham supplies the World with Jewellery. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Frosted Silver Set, Brooch, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Silver Necklet, 3s.; Silver Locket, 2s.; Silver Bracelet, 1s.; Silver Ring, 9d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pins, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Albert and Key, 5s. All genuine silver, at wholesale prices. 9-carat Gold Keepers, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; genuine 18-carat Diamond Ring, 34s.; 800 Illustrations of Jewellery in Catalogue. Electro-Plate and Cutlery at Manufacturers' prices. Alarum Clocks, 5s. 6d.; Aneroids, 7s., &c.

WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

LANGDON DAVIES and CO., Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham.

SEND POST-CARD FOR CATALOGUE.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. A Story of the French Revolution. On Saturday Evening, Sept. 28, and every Evening at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Kate Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Sole Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, at 7.30, THE ROYAL OAK, by Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris, with the following cast: Misses Winifred Emery, Neilson, Grey, Atherton, and Fanny Brough; Messrs. Henry Neville, Dacre, Lablache, Loraine, Dobell, Lyons, Thomas, Stephens, and Harry Nicholls, &c.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight, LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

WATCHES. — In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.

WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years' warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.

500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warrenty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.

150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

REVOLUTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY.



NOTE.—Apparatus, including Plates, Chemicals, and Instructions, post-free, 5s. 6d.; extra Dry-Plates, 9d. per dozen

THE "DEMON" CAMERA

Defies Detection, and can be secreted under the vest, in the watch pocket, or concealed in the glove. It is made entirely of metal, beautifully plated, and weighs under 3 oz. No movement is too rapid for it—the racehorse at greatest speed, the flight of birds, even the lightning flash itself. By merely pressing the trigger the Photograph is taken; therefore any person can use it,

NO KNOWLEDGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY BEING NECESSARY,

for, unlike other cameras, it requires no focussing, no stand, no adjustment, no dark slides; yet hundreds of plates can be carried and exposed in rapid succession.

THE "DEMON" CAMERA

Can be used on the promenade, in law courts, churches, and railway-carriages; also in breach of promise and divorce cases; in fact, at all awkward moments, when least expected. The artful maiden, the wily detective, the wronged wife, will now collect damning evidence. The bad boy will levy blackmail upon his sisters by illustrating family squabbles instead of angelic sweetness, and human happiness will now be within the reach of all.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

"91, Newsham-drive, Liverpool.

"Dear Sir, — Your 'Demon' Detective Camera is the most wonderful and ingenious camera ever manufactured, and I cannot understand how it can be made for the money. I am a member of both the Liverpool and Birkenhead Photographic Societies, and will gladly distribute circulars respecting it among the members.—Yours truly, G. M. NOOKES."

ADDRESS—MANAGER, A F DEPARTMENT, THE AMERICAN CAMERA CO., 399, EDGWARE-ROAD, LONDON, W.

2/6 UNPRECEDENTED OFFER! DO NOT MISS THIS! 2/6

40,000 WATCHES WERE GIVEN AWAY IN 1888.

50,000 MORE TO BE GIVEN THIS YEAR, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

Messrs. GRAHAM and CO., the Eminent London Jewellers and Sole Inventors and Manufacturers of the Celebrated

CARBON DIAMOND AND EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY,

Intend to present to each Purchaser of one of their Egyptian Gold Chains A BEAUTIFUL WATCH, as shown in the Engraving.

These magnificent Chains are manufactured in the most fashionable and costly patterns, to suit ladies and gentlemen, and may be worn without the slightest fear of detection, as they positively equal in appearance and wear GOLD CHAINS COSTING £10 EACH. This is a bonâ-fide offer, and we challenge the trade in the sum of **ONE THOUSAND POUNDS** to supply anything to equal this at the above price.

HOW IS IT DONE? The answer is very simple. We calculate that when we have sold 10,000 Chains, we have made 10,000 customers, who will keep our Catalogues by them, and will have all their Jewellery at our Establishment. In proof of this fact we quote figures. We beg to inform our Readers that we have already sold over 60,000 CHAINS since January last, and have also presented our customers with OVER 60,000 WATCHES, and the result is that we have made 150,000 friends: for our goods have been shown about, and consequently we have received thousands of repeat orders daily, and the numerous flattering testimonials that are constantly coming in from delighted purchasers has determined us to present another 50,000 WATCHES, as stated above, to all who purchase one of our beautiful Chains. These Chains can be had in Fetter, Prince of Wales, and other patterns.

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.



Five-Stone Engagement Ring. White or Mixed Stones. Very handsome. Post-free, 3s. 6d.



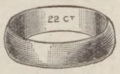
Ladies' Mixed Stone Dress Ring. Consisting of Pearls, Rubies, and Turquoise. Cannot be equalled at four times the price charged. Post-free, 2s.



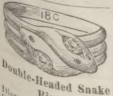
Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring. Very handsome (our spécialité); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant. Can be worn without fear of detection. Post-free, 3s. 6d.



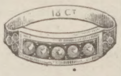
Wedding Ring. Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Double-Headed Snake Ring. Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman. Post-free, 4s. 6d.



Buckle Keeper. Beautifully engraved. With Polished Buckle. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Pearl Dress Ring. Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Engraved Keeper. Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring. A Perfect Gem. A Pretty Present. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Read what the Public say.

"Waterloo-place, Wick, Nov. 14, 1887.

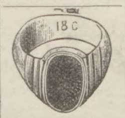
"Gentlemen.—Received goods safely, and am very pleased with them. Please send Wedding and Dress Ring. 2s. 6d. enclosed.—Yours truly, D. BAINE."

"Dec. 9, 1887.

"Gentlemen.—The Rings to hand this morning. I consider them to be better than what you state; I am fully satisfied and delighted.—Yours truly, J. T. A., Wood-green."



The Beatrice. Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.



Gent's Massive Blood-Stone Signet Ring. Really Marvellous Value. Selling in Thousands. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring. Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Read what the Public say.

"Dec. 16, 1887.

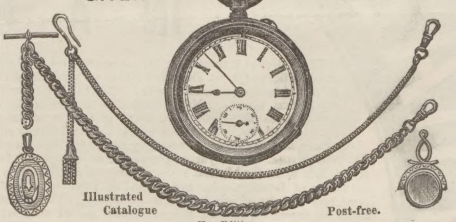
"Sirs,—I received the Ring safely, and am very pleased with it indeed, especially with the brilliancy of the diamond, which sparkles quite as good as the real article.—Yours truly, A. NEWMAN, Station-square, Harrogate."

"Dec. 19, 1887.

Dear Sirs,—I am very much pleased with goods sent and can well recommend them to the public.—H. NIXON, 162, Hamstead-road, Handsworth."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

2/6 GIVEN AWAY. 2/6



Illustrated Catalogue Post-free.

New Edition.

INTENDING PURCHASERS SHOULD SEND AT ONCE IN ORDER TO SECURE THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps for **2s. 9d.**; Two, post-free, **5s. 3d.**; Locket or Seal Charm, **1s.** extra.

Foreign Stamps not accepted.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

HUNDREDS RECEIVED DAILY.

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MRS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"3, Almshouses, Denham, Dec. 12, 1888.—Sirs,—With great pleasure I received your Watch and Chain. I thank you very much; they are really very beautiful.—Yours obediently, MRS. MARSDEN."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE, NOW READY.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred. Send for our New Handsomely Illustrated Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, post-free. Address—

P. GRAHAM & CO., NEW INN-CHAMBERS, WYCH-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

WORTH £100 GRATIS.

GIVEN GRATIS TO ALL.

The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 8d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription, others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all round seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

WORTH £100 GRATIS.

GIVEN GRATIS TO ALL.

The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 8d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription; others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

Who does not remember Mrs. Squeers and her ladling out to the pupils at Dotheboys Hall of a nauseous compound of brimstone and treacle? That the brimstone and treacle was blood-purifying and disease-preventing was as naught to the boys. To them it was unmistakably nasty. And adults, quite as much as children, fight as shy of brimstone and treacle to-day as they did in the days of which Dickens wrote. And yet sulphur, otherwise named brimstone, is held in the highest esteem, both by medical men and the heads of families, who are withal at their wits' ends to know how to take or administer it palatably. The result, as might be expected, is that the medicinal use of sulphur has been greatly curtailed and neglected.

Medical men of an earlier generation rated sulphur as worth a guinea an ounce; and it is undeniable that in the treatment of Blood and Skin Diseases, as an alterative and curative remedy in Scrofulous and Ulcerous Affections, and in all phases of impurity or poisoning of the blood, sulphur never yet had a medicinal equal, if combined with other simple remedial ingredients that develop its properties and greatly add to its curative efficacy. Sulphur is likewise of unmistakable relief, and benefit in cases of Gout, Sciatica, and Rheumatism, while it is, without doubt, the best of all specifics for constipation, for, being gentle, safe, and sure, it is as suitable for children as it is beneficial both for men and women.

Now, mark that the foregoing are universally admitted facts, endorsed by the most skilful authorities. It has been held, indeed, by the last-named that those who could discover, and would place on the market, a preparation of Sulphur in a pleasing and palatable form would be doing a distinct public service. We claim to have done more. We positively assert, and are in a position to prove, that in "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" the nauseousness of sulphur is so skilfully disguised that these Tablets are, to all appearance and taste, a new and pleasant form of confectionery.

We further claim—and the beneficial and curative results effected are overwhelmingly convincing on this point—that in "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" other curative ingredients are so harmoniously incorporated with sulphur in delicate proportions that the medicinal value of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is necessarily far more efficacious and curative than could be the case with sulphur alone. The process, or chemical combination, by which an end so desirable is attained, is quite unknown to others, and belongs alone to ourselves, and no imitations could ever therefore possibly embody the medicinal power and benefit of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets."

In the itching, burning tortures of eczema, and in the parched and arid scaliness of psoriasis, "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are of inestimable value, for, while acting specifically in these complaints, they also benefit the general health of the patient. For offensive ulcers and breakings out, and in cases of scrofula, "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" steadily effect an alterative and purifying effect on the blood, which is soon manifest in the diminished offensiveness of discharging matter and in the steadily forming healthy granulation in the sides and cavity of the wound, denoting the first steps to health and healing.

All such complaints and symptoms as we have enumerated have first their origin in some morbid disease, taint, impurity, or poisoning in the blood. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," act on the specific disease principle by neutralising it, just as you seek to kill typhoid virus or prevent the breeding of it when the drainage is bad by pouring disinfectants down the drains, &c., or on decaying matters. Experience has taught you that you can thus hold the enemy at bay. In the blood, however, "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" do more. They exert, the more powerfully as the disease atoms are the stronger, a vigorous and dominant neutralising force by which the foe is held in check. Then other properties of the Tablets come into action, by which a persistent impelling power outward through the skin is exerted, literally forcing elements inimical to health first out of the blood and then out of the system, which escape into the air, with the consequent positive improvement in health, and sure, safe relief and ultimate immunity from specific symptoms. The length of time to effect the curative results desired will necessarily vary with the origin and severity of the complaint, or whether it is further complicated or intensified by hereditary tendency or interwoven with the tendrils of other phases of disease.

Our own bona fides are vouched for by the fact that we ask you to

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE.

Don't call, but write a letter or a post-card, and name "The Penny Illustrated Paper." "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post-free, 1s. 3d.); and may be ordered of any Chemist, Stores, or Medicine Vendor. Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and Co., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.